

MOVIE CLASSIC

JULY

A-N

10
CENTS

In Canada
15c



Joan Crawford

by

A.S. Packer

CLAUDETTE
COLBERT

TELLS HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL IN SPITE OF YOUR FACE!

Do You Want to Be a Movie Star This Summer

Earn \$100 a week...get all expenses paid to and from Hollywood...receive international recognition for your personality?

There's a lucky girl attending classes right now in some recognized American college or university. She's going to rocket to movie stardom this summer.

This girl may be you.

College Humor and Sense and Universal Pictures Corporation are holding a contest to pick this fortunate young lady. She will be called the All-American Girl of 1933. She will leave for Hollywood and stardom shortly after July first.

There she will be featured in Universal's third great football picture, to be released this fall. She'll get \$100 a week for at least four weeks.

But best of all, if she makes good, this fortunate co-ed will be offered a new movie contract, with a chance to make this glamorous profession her permanent career.

If you've secretly longed to be one of the glorified women of the screen, read the rules of this contest and send in your photographs without delay.

No one need know of your entry. You needn't lose a minute from classes. You needn't even be ravishingly beautiful, if you have charm and photograph well.

But you must act quickly. This opportunity may never come again.

All-American Girl Contest

Universal Pictures Corporation

College Humor and Sense

All-American Girl Contest Rules

1. Each entrant must be a registered student in a college of reputable standing.
2. Each entrant must submit two photographs of herself: (a) One profile photograph; (b) One full face photograph, large head of not less than three inches from chin to top of head.
3. Photographs must be accompanied by letter giving following information about entrant: Age, height, weight, color of eyes, color of hair, athletic training, theatrical training. (Do not omit any of this important data.)
4. Photographs and data as above must be accompanied by statement from elocution or dramatic teacher attesting to quality of voice.
5. All entrance material must be accompanied by cover of current issue of COLLEGE HUMOR and SENSE, or a facsimile thereof.
6. In case of a tie duplicate prize will be awarded each tying contestant. Copies of COLLEGE HUMOR and SENSE may be read at the office of the publisher, 1301 Paramount Building, New York City, or at Public Libraries. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to enter this contest. All photographs will remain the property of the publishers unless accompanied by sufficient postage for their return.
7. All entrance material must be in the hands of All-American Girl Editor of COLLEGE HUMOR and SENSE, 1301 Paramount Building, New York City, not later than midnight, July 1st, 1933.
8. A committee of judges composed of Carl Laemmle, Jr., of Universal Pictures, Russell Patterson and Jefferson Machamer, artists, Stanley Gibson, publisher of COLLEGE HUMOR and SENSE and other magazines, and Larry Reid, editor of Motion Picture and Movie Classic, will select and announce the name of the prize-winning ALL-AMERICAN GIRL before midnight, July 15th, 1933.

All-American Girl Contest

Universal Pictures Corporation

College Humor and Sense



are YOU the
LUCKY GIRL?

Contest Closes
MIDNIGHT
July 1st, 1933

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Her Finger-Tips Gleam
Her teeth are dull...her gums soft
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

THIS girl keeps her finger-tips resplendently manicured. People comment on it. They do not comment upon her dingy teeth, of course—but they notice them!

Examine your own teeth—and gums.

If your gums are flabby, and bleed easily—if you find "pink" upon your tooth brush—the attractiveness of your smile is in danger.

For not only may "pink tooth brush" lead to gingivitis and Vincent's disease and other serious gum troubles, but it may spoil the brightness of your teeth—and even spell *danger* for your teeth.

Ipana and Massage **Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"**

To have firm, healthy gums and good-looking, bright teeth, do this:

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. And each time, put a little extra

Ipana on your tooth brush or finger-tip and massage it gently into your sluggish, tender gums.

Today's foods are too soft and creamy to give proper stimulation to your gums. But the massage with Ipana corrects this.

Get a full-size tube of Ipana today. Follow the Ipana method, and very soon you'll have brighter, whiter teeth. Within a month your gums will be firmer. "Pink tooth brush" will disappear.

IPANA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept II-73
 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

LEO: "Sheer genius, Marion! You aren't *acting* Peg... you *are* Peg! Of all your roles, this is the one your public will love you for. I knew you would justify the most beautiful production I could give you. I'm proud and happy!"



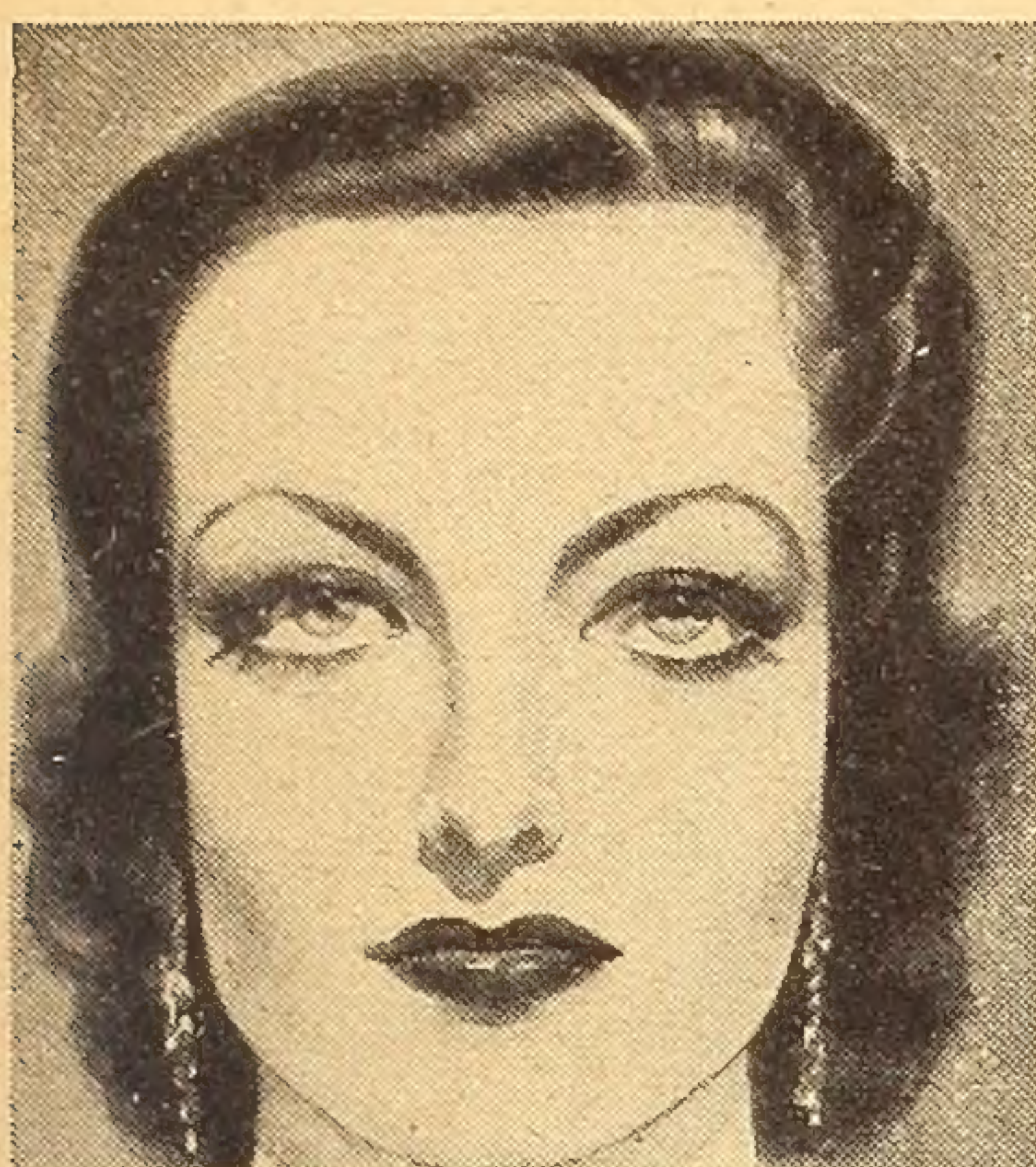
PEG O' MY HEART, that beautiful stage play by J. Hartley Manners, with its laughs, its tears, its heart throbs, is more exquisite still in its screen version. Supported by Onslow Stevens, J. Farrell McDonald and Juliette Compton, Marion Davies is the most utterly winning Peg the heart could desire. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard from an adaptation by Francis Marion . . . A first rank Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer-Cosmopolitan picture.

JUL -3 1933

VOL. 4 No. 5

MOVIE CLASSIC

JULY, 1933



JOAN CRAWFORD Isn't Afraid of the FUTURE

Joan protested for so long that she was happily married that she took the world by surprise when she announced that she and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were parting. Young couples all over the world had idealized this romance. They were rooting for a reconciliation—especially when Doug announced that he intended to try to win Joan back. Then Joan got her divorce.

She is not afraid that all those young couples will misunderstand. She feels that they know her well enough to know that she didn't let fame ruin her romance—and that she tried hard to make her marriage as much of a success as her career.

And what about that career? Does she face a dangerous rival in Jean Harlow? A story in this issue asks you!

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COVER DRAWING OF JOAN CRAWFORD BY A. S. PACKER

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

WELL, the suspense is over. Garbo is back at work. And from all indications, Greta has learned the wisdom of Samuel Butler's observation that it isn't silence that is golden, but tact.

Slowly, but surely, the tide of public opinion has been turning against Greta for her insistent seeking of privacy. People who used to be sympathetic with her attitude have begun to wonder if maybe it all wasn't a clever publicity stunt. They have wanted to know if any other star in stage or screen history, no matter how sensitive, has ever sought such seclusion. I've had letters from them; I know.

And maybe Greta has had similar letters, herself. For she certainly returned a much more affable, approachable person. (You'll read the details a few pages farther on.) And if first appearances aren't deceiving, she is now willing to pay the price of popularity, which is to satisfy curiosity and submit to homage. Also, she may be eager to stop leading a harassed life, constantly poised for flight, constantly hunting for new disguises. If Garbo is sensitive—and there's no reason to believe she isn't—how could she endure a perpetual ordeal of that nature?

EVERYONE from her manager to John Gilbert has been given credit for inspiring Garbo's long silence, which began when John and Greta were the Great Love Team of the screen. Whoever did inspire it was shrewd. It attracted boundless attention to her. But even the best of publicity stunts can be overdone, as has been proved time and again.

And the best of advertising stunts can also be overdone. In the earlier days of films, lurid ads of action scenes were the thing—scenes in which the hero, a member of Engine Company No. 5, was climbing a ladder, amid smoke and flame, to rescue Little Nell; scenes in which a masked bandit was holding up a stagecoach; scenes in which an auto was racing a train to a crossing. Until, finally, the ads all began to look alike, giving the impression that the pictures were all alike.

Of late, the thing to feature in ads has been the love scenes between the hero and heroine—their lips parted, if not in contact. The assumption seemed to be that "all the world loves a lover" and that all the world was aching to see how first this couple, and then that, do their kissing. Now, kissing is a most interesting pastime—but where's the thrill in watching *other* people participate in it? Some of the more fanciful can probably imagine themselves in the place of either the hero or the heroine, being kissed by the other—but they can't keep on imagining it forever. And before long they're going to snicker when the ads hint that they can.

THE shrewd theatre managers are easing up on the ads featuring romantic moments—and giving the public a hint of the main theme of each new picture. They've learned that people are shopping for their entertainment these days. They want to know just what they're getting. They aren't going to the movies just to see a moment or two of fancy kissing, when they can stay right at home and act out their own little love dramas so cheaply, while the radio entertains them on the side. When they go to the movies, they want to change their moods, learn something new, and see something to remember. Kisses—even when you have participated in them, yourself—are singularly difficult to remember. And love scenes—except those in which you, yourself, are the star—are very much alike, always have been, and always will be. It's biology.

BUSINESS is picking up—even in the movies. Maybe stars' salaries won't be reduced, after all. But if they should, and companies kept on making money, where would the money go that had been slashed from those salaries? I'm sure I don't know. But I can think of a few places where it might well go:

Why couldn't some of the surplus go to the great army of "extras" and "bit" players, increasing their average daily wage to that enjoyed by, say, bricklayers? And why couldn't schools be established to train the more ambitious and promising ones?

Why couldn't the companies all start big reserve funds with their surpluses, so that they wouldn't have to borrow from Wall Street (after their present debts are paid)—and *could* be artistically independent, as many of them claim they would like to be?

Why couldn't part of the surplus go toward the erection and maintenance of some central laboratory, where movie experiments can be conducted. Television, for instance, is just in the offing—and how well prepared are the studios for its advent?

Why couldn't some of the "spare cash" go toward the erection and maintenance of homes for players who fall desperately ill, reach the verge of poverty, and wear out their lives in the service of the movies? Unfortunate stage players have the refuge of such homes, where they will be among people who talk their language. They don't have to accept the blind charity offered by the State.

And why couldn't there be an endowment fund for five big cash prizes for the five best pictures of the year in five separate fields—melodrama, romance, comedy, tragedy and history—the money to go to writers, directors and players? With only one award being made now (the Academy award), several companies don't seriously compete for it, feeling that it might not pay. With five prizes going around and five chances to win, the good old competitive spirit—which is what raises the standard of entertainment—would be out in full force!

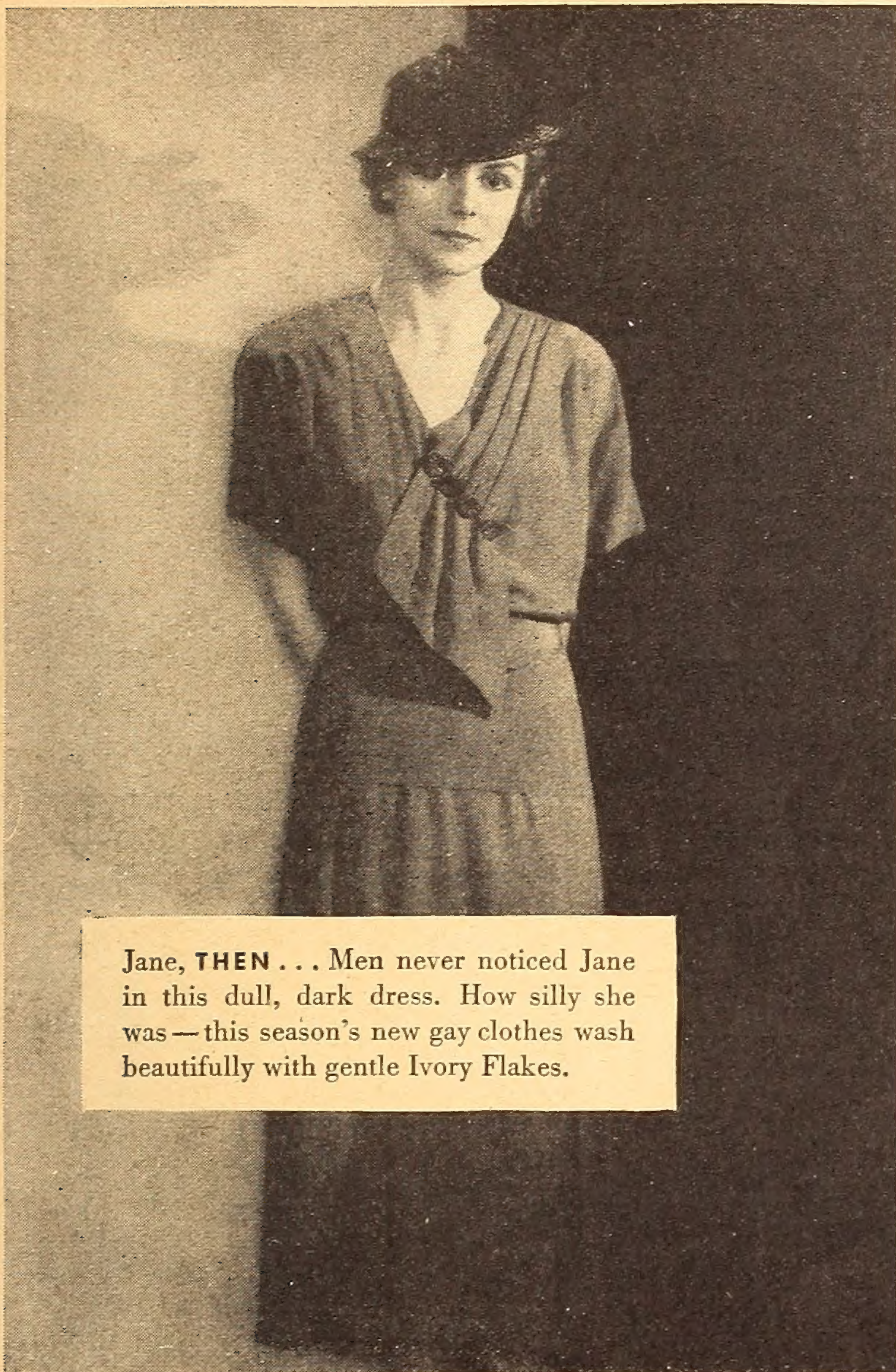
SHERWOOD ANDERSON, the novelist, said the other day: "What the country needs is a great American movie and not 'a great American novel'." A novel—even a best-seller—reaches only a few thousand people. A movie has the potentialities of influencing 115,000,000 people. That's the size of the world movie audience!

Yet there is no Pulitzer Prize for the "best" movie of the year. There is a Prize for the "best" novel—not to mention the "best" poetry, play, history, biography. Yes, and the "best" reporting. Why are the movies so neglected? Maybe you've wondered, as one of the Warners did. He wrote to Dean Carl Ackerman of the Pulitzer School of Journalism, suggesting movie recognition.

Why shouldn't there be a Pulitzer Prize for the "best" movie of the year? The movies report; they weave great stories (sometimes); they have everything that plays have, and don't need artificial scenery; they paint history in glamorous colors; they recount biographical stories with painstaking detail; they are even poetic on occasion. Moreover, besides combining all the arts, they are an art in themselves. Why should they be neglected by the Pulitzer Prize Committee, when they are the world's favorite form of art? Maybe they won't be—next year!

Larry Reid

How Jane changed from “PLAIN” to “PRETTY”



Jane, **THEN** . . . Men never noticed Jane in this dull, dark dress. How silly she was — this season's new gay clothes wash beautifully with gentle Ivory Flakes.



Jane, **NOW** . . . Same girl, dressed inexpensively but smartly. *All* this tricky outfit has been washed with Ivory Flakes—pique hat, red-white-and-blue linen suit, pique gloves, handbag!

Suit from Lord & Taylor, New York. This entire outfit has been washed with Ivory Flakes . . . just as salespeople in fine stores advise.

Don't resist the new colorful clothes. Just be sensible and ask the salesgirl if they will wash. Follow her advice when she says, "Yes, *but to be safe*, wash them with Ivory."

Salespeople are that way about Ivory Flakes — awfully partial, because they know that Ivory Flakes are made from pure Ivory Soap, the soap that's safe for a baby's skin — hence it's *safest* for your saucy silk prints and pastel cotton frocks and fuzzy-wuzzy sweaters!

Ivory Flakes are made for lazy girls who want

instant suds. Does that mean *you*? Try those tiny *curls* of soap — see how fast they twinkle into thick suds in lukewarm water. Keep away from *flat* clinging flakes — *they* cause soap spots!

Remember what Vogue says, "The girl with a lot of uncared-for dresses is dowdy. The girl with a few dresses, in immaculate condition, looks smart." Something to think about, girls. Better buy one of those bargain boxes of Ivory Flakes today, and start dipping your pretties through Ivory suds every night!

IVORY FLAKES

Salespeople everywhere say:
"Wash it with Ivory!" 99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % pure



EXTRA LONG STRETCH PARIS GARTERS

FOR GREATER COMFORT

Happy legs are here again!

A new deal in comfort. No binding—no slipping—just a joy. Fit perfectly—wear longer. Made of extra long stretch, long lasting Steinweave Elastic—found only in Paris Garters. Priced to please you, too!

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

Made in U.S.A. by A. Stein & Company



SEND immediately for your box of Rose Rachel—the warm, new powder-shade! It's a marvelous tint—a delicate blend of pink and

ivory—that brings a fresh, satin-smooth beauty to your skin. This subtle, perfected color will bring life to your complexion! Send for Rose Rachel right away—let it make you newly radiant!

With this introductory box of Rose Rachel, we will be glad to send you a generous sample of Luxor Rouge. Just check your color-preference below.

Luxor Complexion POWDER



FIFTY CENTS THE BOX (Plus Tax)
but we couldn't make it better for \$5

★ The Coupon That Will Bring You Beauty

LUXOR, Limited, 1355 W. 31st St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me generous box of Luxor's new warm powder-shade, Rose Rachel. Also send me your free sample of rouge. I enclose 10c to help cover mailing costs, etc.

Check Rouge Color: Roseblush _____ Medium _____ Vivid _____
MC-7 _____ Radiant _____ Sunglow _____ Pastel _____

Name _____

Address _____

Movie Classic's Letter Page

Each month, MOVIE CLASSIC gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Best Letters published on this page.

\$20.00 Letter

Your Duty to See "Gabriel"

"ANOTHER political hodge-podge, purporting to take you behind the scenes at Washington and show you the works," I told myself, eyeing askance the ballyhoo displayed so lavishly in front of my favorite movie palace.

"'Gabriel Over the White House!'" I read, skeptically. Could anything be more theatrical or "come-on" in a movie title? But—being a staunch fan, I wended my way to the box office, plunked down my "four bits," and entered the theatre—reluctantly. And then—ZOWIE! My skepticism took a complete nose-dive!

On the screen before me was pictured an historical panorama that brought a tear to the eye and a tug at the heart. History in the making! A bit far-fetched, perhaps, a little feverish, a trifle Hollywoodian, but—history!

Jud Hammond (played flawlessly by the ever-dependable Walter Huston) is a president to whom the United States could point with pride. True, Hammond aims at a Dictatorship, but maybe that is what we have needed all along to put our country on its figurative feet again. Grafting politicians have long tried to milk these United States dry for their own egotistical use, but, luckily, Roosevelt appears to harbor practically the same ideas as the fictitious Hammond, who gives work to the unemployed, purges the country of gangster rule, outlaws war, and "briskens" things up in general.

Diabolical statisticians to the contrary, it is the duty of every American citizen to see and hear "Gabriel" at least once, and, homeward bound, reflect long and seriously!

MAURICE JACOBS, Philadelphia, Pa.

\$10.00 Letter

Why Do Players Object to Being Typed?

DIVERSIFIED rôles may bespeak talent, but not popularity, as it is along some particular line the stars have attained their fame—and when they attempt variant characterizations become failures as far as their public is concerned.

Janet Gaynor's rebellions at being the "sweet young thing" have brought naught but protests and she must needs go back to those saccharine rôles to hold her followers; Clark Gable became an idol in "A Free Soul" and "Possessed"—the ruthless lover—but what a howl arose when he was cast as the minister in "Polly of the Circus." That wasn't the Clark Gable his fans expected or wanted; William Haines was the Ed Wynn of the screen and lovers of low comedy made him the big box office card, but passed him up when he ceased his clowning; Mary Pickford had the world at her feet in her child portrayals but, outgrowing them, has made no outstanding success

since her long golden curls were amputated.

So why not stick to type? Ann Harding as a tough or Kay Francis as a hoiden would display new talents, but at what cost? After all, as-you-desire-me rôles are what bring the players their fame and shekels.

M. H. RHODES, Norfolk, Va.

\$5.00 Letter

Wants to Weep No More

I ADMIT Helen Hayes is a brilliant actress, but why, oh why, must all her pictures be so tragic—so sobby?

In the "Sin of Madelon Claudet," she suffered herself right into the Academy award.

Now, in "The White Sister," she's suffering to still greater heights.

But it's getting to be too much. I'm running short of handkerchiefs, and I'm so worn out from crying, I can hardly lift a two-hundred-pound weight.

Please, Mr. Producers, not so much sob stuff in future, or the tears of the movie fans will flood you into oblivion.

C. L. MERSICH, San Francisco, Calif.

"42nd Street" A "New Deal" Picture

HERE is a vote of thanks to the producers of "42nd Street." If they will continue to give us such pictures then certainly they will be contributing their share to the "New Deal."

But—where have the powers-that-be been keeping Ruby Keeler? She brings the very spirit of youthfulness to the screen. Her naturalness, charm and vivaciousness are refreshing and exhilarating, to say the least. So realistic is her performance that one seems to live the scenes with her. Truly a new star is in the firmament.

The entire cast was well chosen and all gave a star performance. The songs and music are certainly deserving of the great popularity they have attained.

T. M. FEHMAN, San Francisco, Calif.

Remember These Things, Anyone?

THE stark horror of Charles Laughton in the "Devil and the Deep." Most of us have allowed ourselves to become movie-persuaded that villains are always recognizable by oily politeness, mustaches, and cheek-gnawing in times of stress. But here was no such lay figure. I can't forget that moment at his desk, when Laughton pushed his chubby cheeks forward between his hands so that he looked like a caricature of one of Raphael's baby angels, and then allowed his thoughts to dominate that seeming inanity by dripping forth slow words of self-pity, from the poison of which murderers are made.

The supposedly cutey-cutey ending of "Red Dust" that is one up on Boccaccio's smuttiest.

Lilian Bond, desti-

Become a Critic—Give Your Opinion—Win a Prize

Here's your chance to tell the movie world—through MOVIE CLASSIC—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

tute of money, love and honor, dancing a gay buck-and-wing in a grotesque pair of man's shoes in "The Old Dark House." Give that girl the publicity that some of the other wave-set girls get and we, the audience, will get something we have long been waiting for!

The certain "extra" man in "The Sign of the Cross" who made neither grimace nor moan as he walked up the stone stairs to the arena, whose face was lighted from—but my word limit is reached . . . Remember these things, anyone?

LOUISE R. GRAHAM, *Youngstown, O.*

A Verbal Spanking for Garbo

EVER since "The Torrent" (and that's a long time) I've been a Garbo fan, admiring everything about the lady, even those traits and features for which she was frequently criticized. Waxing angry over this criticism, I never thought I'd feel like chiding her, myself. Yet suddenly I find that I do!

For a long time I felt that the Garbo yearning for seclusion was an admirable quality. Greta, I decided, had the true artist's soul—she worked for the love of it, and not for the tinsel tributes of public acclaim.

Now I'm beginning to believe that all this yearning for seclusion is a pose—a press-agent's idea—or else it's just plain selfishness!

Nobody likes to live a goldfish existence. But any girl who aspires to stardom must know that the fruits of success are measured by the number of craning necks that greet a star every time she goes out, and the number of eyes that peer searchingly—to see if she is as nice "in person" as in pictures. Garbo, aspiring to stardom, must have known all this. Yet she isn't "playing up!"

Garbo has, I suppose, a right to refuse to be seen except at admission prices. But who, after all, pays her salary? The public! And when Garbo complains that she is being "persecuted" just because her European fans tried to catch a glimpse of her, for me that's the last straw!

I'll go on seeing Garbo's pictures as long as they are made—but at the same time I'll be thinking of her ungracious personal attitude toward her admirers. Criticism is the barometer of a star's greatness. But criticism turned to ridicule is something else. And Greta Garbo is very close to ridicule!

JEAN LA ROE, *Columbus, O.*

A Call for Wholesome Films

I LIKE pictures the opposite of those prevalent featuring sex, drunkenness, triangles, gangsters, sordidness, bedroom and bathroom scenes. Simple, clean subjects better fit the average enjoyment and appreciation; for despite our sophistication most of us, fortunately, prefer mountains to back alleys, and a child's smile to a hot-cha "love" song.

Who failed to relish the family scenes in Jannings' "Way of All Flesh"? Who would not welcome "Rip Van Winkle," with some worthy successor to Joseph Jefferson? (Page Walter Huston—for anything requiring real acting. Where are there a few more who can depict other than their own personalities, as Huston can?)

Post-war jazz and shot-in-the-arm stuff is *passé*. Carry on your private pastimes as you will, Mr. Producer, but get that Hollywood complex out of your movie themes. Wake up to what ails your box-office receipts. Let us see wholesome pictures—with sufficient humor, plot value, or bright dialogue to carry interest—that leave a pleasant taste.

FRANK HEWITT, *San Francisco, Cal.*
(Continued on page 63)

a last minute reminder for VACATIONISTS!

Are you planning a vacation this year? Fine! It's a splendid investment in health! But remember that different cooking — different water — irregular hours will probably throw you "off-schedule" temporarily.

Ex-Lax is a pleasant, gentle laxative for every member of the family. It is the perfect laxative for vacation time — and every other time!

Ex-Lax is gentle because it doesn't gripe or upset digestion. Effective because it works overnight without over-action.

So if you're looking forward to happy vacation days — take this extra precaution: Take along a liberal supply of Ex-Lax. You'll find Ex-Lax is a mighty good traveling companion. Not bulky or messy. Easy to carry. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes.

When Nature forgets — remember Ex-Lax!

A WORD OF CAUTION!

Success breeds envy! Beware of imitations of Ex-Lax! The names of some imitations sound like Ex-Lax! But there is only one genuine Ex-Lax. Watch for the exact spelling — E-X-L-A-X. Insist on getting Ex-Lax to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results!

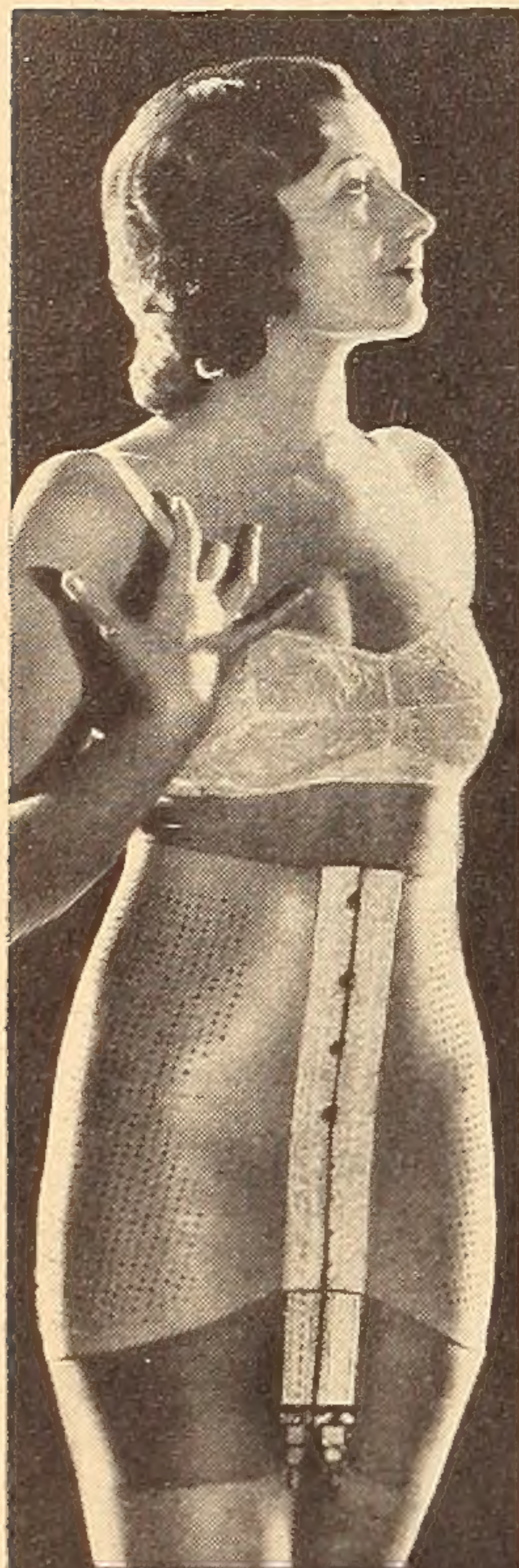


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DEAFNESS IS MISERY

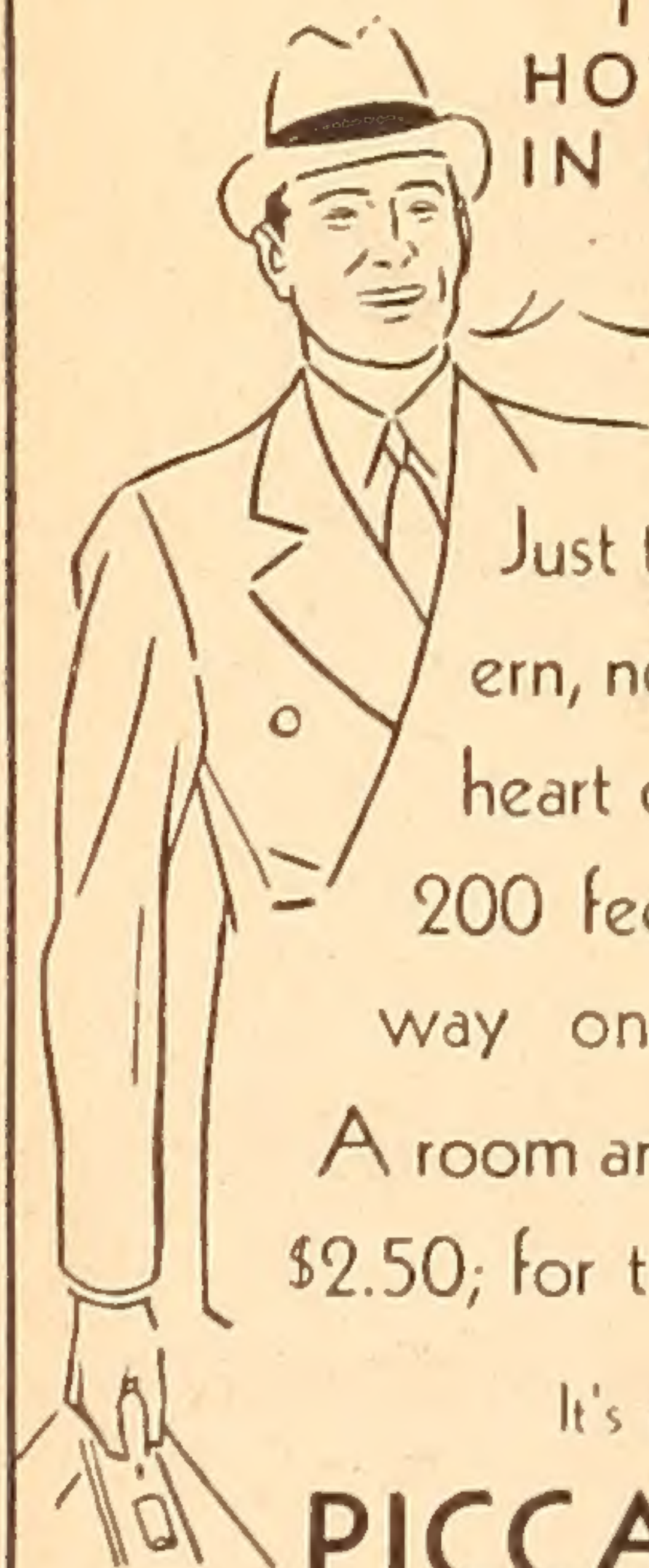


Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.



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IN NEW YORK
CITY



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It's the

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WILLIAM MADLUNG, MNG. DIR.

TAKING IN THE TALKIES

LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS



I COVER THE WATERFRONT

Max Miller, one of the West Coast's star reporters, wrote an exciting book of memoirs. Around his title and his yarn (mostly the title), a movie has been spun—and it's suspenseful. The late Ernest Torrence, grised and wily skipper of a fishing smack, is suspected of smuggling Chinese—but who can catch him? Reporter Ben Lyon persists in trying, even after he succumbs to the attractions of Torrence's daughter (Claudette Colbert). I liked Claudette in her newest fiery rôle, and especially Torrence as the sly, crusty smuggler whose "death" was prophetic. But I found Ben too boyish-looking to be a waterfront headline-hunter.



THE LITTLE GIANT

Edward G. Robin-

son, having had more than his share of pathos, gets a vacation in "The Little Giant." And does he enjoy himself? He'll wake you up to the fact that he's a smoothie when it comes to playing a comedy rôle, too. He's still hard-boiled, but soon after the picture opens he retires from racketeering (with a hard-won million), and decides to crash West Coast society (with Mary Astor as his social secretary). But some new-found "society" friends (including Helen Vinson) separate him from his cash, and he finds he still needs his strong-arm squad. It's a hilarious comedy of manners, cleverly written and cleverly acted.



INTERNATIONAL HOUSE

Here is a

farce of the first order, with "Grand Hotel" the victim of some under-cover burlesque, I suspect. Practically all of the action occurs under the roof of a hostelry, which happens to be in China. Among the guests are Peggy Hopkins Joyce, who plays a zealous gold-digger; Bela Lugosi, one of her more jealous ex-husbands; W. C. Fields, a round-the-world flier who lands in her room by mistake; Sari Maritza, the fiancée of Stuart Erwin, whose wedding is postponed by mumps, and Dr. George Allen and nurse Gracie Allen. It's a mad, mad mix-up, a bit slapstick here and there, but boasting some novel twists.



ADORABLE

Cinderella and Prince Charming are with us

again. But *Cindy*—that's Janet Gaynor—now shows signs of sophistication; and *Prince C.*—that's Henry Garat, just brought over from Paris to fill Charles Farrell's boots—is a gay young blade. Janet steals off to a ball for some excitement and falls in love with a young man whose identity she doesn't suspect. Whereupon, a deep-dyed prime minister (C. Aubrey Smith) and his even more comic henchman (Herbert Mundin) try to break up the romance. M. Garat (pronounce it Gar-rah, *pul-lease!*) knows his smiling, singing, dancing and romancing. You'll carry away a merry mood and the haunting melody of the "Adorable" waltz.



THE SILVER CORD

Having glorified

mother love all these years, the movies now tell a different story—a story of a mother whose possessive love poisons the lives of her two sons and makes them weaklings. It isn't exactly a dish for the sentimental, even if Joel McCrea and Irene Dunne are the lovers. You see, Joel may be happily married to Irene, but his mother is determined to be more in his thoughts than Irene; and she feels the same way about her second son, Eric Linden, who is engaged to Frances Dee. Irene puts up a fight; Frances doesn't. The net result is a talky, overdrawn picture. Laura Hope Crews is superb as the half-obnoxious, half-pitiable mother.



NEVER GIVE A SUCKER

A BREAK If you don't believe all that Lee Tracy says about

the art of talking (back on page 22), just take a look at him in this little number. Lee never had a better chance to talk himself into stardom. (It can't be far off now!) This time he is an ambulance-chasing lawyer, who's always on the scene when an "accident" occurs, ready to sue the traction company. Finally the company's lawyers set out to "get" him—hiring Madge Evans to be a victim of a fake accident and thus expose him. Will he outwit them, or won't he? He kept me—and he'll keep you—guessing and rocking with merriment.

Remember *Her*?

HOW
*could I forget
her!*



Of course she remembered Helen! Helen was the kind of girl you couldn't easily forget. Poor thing—it was not her beauty, not her charm, that lingered in the memory, but something else about her . . .

HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY?

Without knowing it, *everyone* is subject now and then to halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Even one offense is hard for others to forgive—or forget. They do not bother to find out whether you are *habitually* guilty of this grave social fault. They take it for granted that you are, and whisper among themselves. But do they tell *you*? Never. That, of course, is the insidious thing about halitosis. You never know . . .

There is only one way to play safe. Gargle and rinse the mouth with Listerine. Do this every morning, every evening, and whenever you are

going to meet others. Make it a habit as inflexible as bathing or brushing the teeth.

Then you will be *sure*. For Listerine ends halitosis promptly. It instantly corrects the *cause* of 90% of all cases of unpleasant breath—fermentation of food particles lodged in the teeth. And simultaneously—because of its deodorant power—Listerine overcomes the odors themselves.

There is no other product for this purpose that can compare with Listerine. Ordinary antiseptics can't hide, in 12 hours, odors that Listerine corrects *at once*. Clinical tests, under

medical supervision, have established that fact.

So make sure you use *genuine* Listerine. You will find it most agreeable—with none of the medicinal flavor of harsh mouth washes. Listerine is the *safe* antiseptic with the *pleasant* taste. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

LISTERINE
instantly overcomes
HALITOSIS

STRICTLY PERSONAL

MOVIE CLASSIC'S INTIMATE SKETCHES OF WHO'S WHO IN HOLLYWOOD

By MARK DOWLING



FRANCHOT TONE: Six feet. Weighs 160. New heart interest for the Hollywood belles. Joan Crawford prophesies he'll be a star soon. The gossips insist Joan's interest is more than professional—they've been seen dancing. The perfect escort. Likes dancing, bridge, golf, what have you. Believe it or not, he was born in Niagara Falls, the honeymooners' paradise. You'll see him opposite most of the M-G-M stars. Address: Santa Monica Palisades.



JOAN CRAWFORD: Wear your full dress outfits, men, if you take the Crawford to dinner. She's gone awfully English of late. Maybe the influence of friend Noel Coward, playwright, who wired on hearing of the separation, "Let us try to bear this!" And here's news—Joan is the only star in years who didn't blame her marital mixups on the gossips. That's honesty! Has a lovely soprano voice and never eats breakfast. Address: M-G-M studios.

MARLENE DIETRICH: Now they tell us she really hates those pants. She's reported to have said, "I had to do something!" Gosh, Marlene, you might have thought of something less catching! Rumors about her future plans vary from day to day. But the Brian Aherne rumor looks permanent, as those things go. Ladies, don't you realize La Dietrich has her trousers tailor-made and it makes a Difference? Address: Marathon Street, Hollywood.



BUDDY ROGERS: Six feet one. Weighs 175. Self-assured and mature since success with his orchestra in the Big Town. There's gray in his hair and not so much hot-cha in his manner. But the Mary Brian affair goes on and on, and they'll pose together for photographers *any* time! Gals used to complain of his painfully boyish manner. Now they don't. From a "pal," he has developed into our most dashing "man-about-town." Address: Beverly Hills.



CHARLES STARRETT: Six feet two. Weighs 185. Gals, take pity on this handsome ex-football star who has been hiding the fact that he has a wife and twins. The studio said it wouldn't be romantic publicity! Clean-cut and intelligent. The college type, but tired of being typed as a screen college boy. Once made a movie in Labrador (twins are expensive) and only a lucky break saved him from sailing on the *Viking*, which sank. Address: Los Feliz Boulevard.



RUBY KEELER: Wide blue eyes. Brown hair. Hollywood has been wondering if the Jolson marriage will go pfft now that the Mrs. is headed toward stardom. But Ruby says she isn't interested in being a star—much—and she's THAT devoted to Al. Has that goo-goo ingénue manner down cold and even her rivals (the hussies!) admit it's genuine. She says of Hollywood in a small meek voice, "It's enough to scare anyone!" Address: Warner Brothers Studios.

ROCHELLE HUDSON: Hollywood's "baby" star grown up. She used to go to school right on the lot, she's THAT young. Now she tea-dances with Tom Brown. The kind of girl your mother would approve of. Accomplished, too. She sings, dances and paints. And can read French menus. Sparkling personality and even prettier off the screen. And what a figure! Born some eighteen years ago in Will Rogers' home town, Claremore, Oklahoma. Address: 780 North Gower Street.



NILS ASTHER: Six feet. Weighs 170. Dashing and romantic, but no romance rumors since the divorce from Vivian Duncan. Just starting over a career that went smash when dat debbil Mike discovered his accent. Nils learned English as an insurance salesman—did *you* ever slam the door in his face? An intimate friend of the late Sarah Bernhardt. Strong rumors that he'll be co-starred again with Garbo, when and if. . . . Address: Culver City.



LIONEL ATWILL: Five feet ten. Weighs 172. Came to Hollywood, as a very famous stage star indeed, to stay a year without being noticed. Had given his farewell party when the right rôle came along and now—he's the oooh-iest of the horror lads. Thinks up his own bits of gruesome business (like putting out a cigarette on Dietrich's shoulder) and has a line that *terrifies* young ladies who meet him. Often wiggles his nose when talking. Address: Paramount Studios.




ANN DVORAK: Expressive gray-blue eyes. Dark brown hair. "Vivacious" and "dynamic" describe her. Now back at work. Due to salary slashes, her pay check is just half the "pittance" she fought to raise. That's fate. But the lady seems happy and devoted to the bridegroom, Leslie Fenton. Is developing in personality as amazingly as did Joan Crawford. And they say she'll be just as big a star, if she sticks around! Address: Burbank.

ALISON SKIPWORTH: A grand character actress and, in person, the town's grandest character. Sumptuous. Screens as a dowager but does her own housework—*not* a publicity gag. Years ago played lead in the operetta, "The Artist's Model" and will tell you "I was a great beauty once!" (with pictures that prove it). Unless you want to be crushed by a manner Duchesses might envy, better reply—"And you still *are*!" Address: West Hollywood.



BING CROSBY: Five feet nine. Weighs 165. Not a bit like conceited Great Garglers in fiction. He'll oblige hostess anytime by singing at parties—the trouble is stopping him! Stays away from the filling stations (speakeasies, to you!) since being reformed by the wife, Dixie Lee. She's having a baby this June, just to prove we keep up with the Joneses even in Hollywood. You see, their best friends, the Nick Stuarts, had one. Address: Beverly Hills.





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GLORIES OF "42nd STREET" WITH

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933

Bigger stars—more gorgeous girls—more song hits
—more lavish spectacle. Of course you'll see it! With

**WARREN WILLIAM • ALINE MacMAHON
RUBY KEELER • JOAN BLONDELL
GINGER ROGERS • DICK POWELL
GUY KIBBEE and Many Others**

Directed by MERVYN LEROY



A new mascara that's really **SWIM-PROOF**

EVEN the wild waves can't make this mascara run or smear. For the new *Liquid Winx* is completely waterproof.

With it you can bring out all the sparkle, all the beauty of your eyes. Give them a frame of dark, luxurious lashes—instantly.

Liquid Winx is easy to apply. It doesn't smart the eyes. It keeps the lashes soft. And its effect is so natural that even in a close-up it doesn't look like make-up.

For sale at all toilet goods counters.

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"Where Hygiene Reigns, Health Resides"

Enlightened Woman HAS NO FEAR

Scientists have provided her with **SANIBELS**—soothing spontaneous, dependable—this modern, non-poisonous germicide removes all uncertainty; thoughts of fear are but borrowed trouble. Clean, stainless, greaseless, snow-white effervescing powders moulded into little bells liberate antiseptic vapor that destroys all bacteria; eliminates water and cumbersome accessories. Be alert where danger lurks—get invariably reliable **SANIBELS**—once used, never without. \$1.00 brings box of 24 (C.O.D. \$1.21). Unless delighted, please return—your money cheerfully refunded.

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N Our Hollywood EIGHBORS

Goings-On Among the Players

By MARQUIS BUSBY



Wide World

There are polo ponies and polo ponies—and polo players and polo players, and most of the polo ponies out Hollywood way belong to the movie stars. Charlie Farrell has just drawn up to take a breather between chukkers at the Riviera Country Club

IN lots of ways Michael Farmer is proving to be the most popular husband Gloria Swanson has had in a long time. Hollywood likes him for his charm and friendliness. He's very much of a personality, himself, even if the movie town does point to him as "Gloria's husband." It's hard to escape being just a husband when the little woman happens to be the glamorous, glorious Gloria.

But is "Mike" enjoying sunny California!

The other morning he disappeared from the elegant Swanson ménage in Beverly Hills at the crack of dawn, and nary a sign of him until dusk. Then he appeared, tired, but happy—and sunburned to a crisp. He had gone down to Santa Monica, rented a fishing pole, and sat on the pier all day long. His companions had been a heterogeneous collection of Japanese, Mexican and American families on a day's outing. At noon a hot dog vendor came along, and "Mike" invested in a lowly fried "weenie," with "ernions." He fished all day and nary a nibble.

"Well," said Gloria, "why didn't you stop at the market and buy a couple of fish? I'd never have known

the difference, and, anyway, it's the customary procedure with amateur fishermen."

WE'VE never tried to make this department much of a clearing-house for fashion notes, but now that there is a fashion feud between Lilyan Tashman and Hedda Hopper such things seem important. Now we don't want to take sides in the argument. Doubtless, Hedda knows her ruffles, but we're kind of used to stringing along with Lil. We won't change horses in midstream, even if Lowell Sherman DOES think that Julian Eltinge is still "the best-dressed woman." We're going to quote La Tashman now:

"I always have one wrong note in my costumes. It makes a gown more interesting, more striking. Perfection is dull. Madame Chanel, herself, told me that. As an example I always wear pearl earrings with a sport costume. I know that it is not considered good taste, but it is the making of the ensemble."

There's a lot of food for thought in that. Carrying the idea a bit farther—Kay Francis should wear riding

boots with her evening dress at the next Mayfair brawl. We think a diamond tiara would be dandy with Carole Lombard's bicycling outfit. And why not a marabou neckpiece with Marlene Dietrich's tuxedo suit?

Come to think of it, we've just remembered another Tashman ensemble that emphasized the wrong note. It was at Malibu, and Lil wore an elegant pink bathing suit AND a string of real pearls. We knew RIGHT away the wrong note in THAT ensemble.

JOBYNA RALSTON thinks these baby showers are all to the good. She didn't have to buy a stitch of clothes for the Richard Arlen offspring. A cradle was purchased and the nursery was ready. It pays to be prepared, you know, when old Doc Stork starts on his rounds. Mary Astor's infant daughter had first use of the nursery, however. Mary came over to call on Jobyna, and parked her small daughter in the cradle. The next morning Jobyna was reminded of something she had forgotten for the nursery. It was a mattress pad.

HOLLYWOOD is keeping a good eye peeled on Honolulu. It's the official romance land for the movie village, and the film gossips see a hotsy, new love affair brewing in ukulele isle. A certain handsome actor is there right now—and we wouldn't dream of telling you his name. They do say he is going to stay until a certain very gra-and, blonde star arrives for a "rest." And we wouldn't tell you her name, either. Or the name of her husband.

ANYTHING you write about Mae West these days is NEWS. Mae is the biggest thing—and we mean that in a very nice way, of course—that has hit Hollywood since Greta Gustafsson came to town. We KNOW where she spends her evenings—at the prizefights—reveling in gore and broken teeth. NOW we know where she spends her days, that is, when she isn't drawling "come up 'n' see me some time" into the microphone. She's out shopping. It's her only bad habit, and she shops from morn 'til eve. In fact, long around harf arfter seven one evening, a local shop had to hint that perhaps Mae should call it a day. The clerks wanted to go home to dinner.

THAT young Eskimo boy, brought from the Arctic regions by Director W. S. Van Dyke, may not know
(Continued on page 71)



Don't let PAIN rob you of your charm!

New Relief Works Faster—Modern Doctors Approve

● Don't let pain take the sparkle out of your eyes or the brilliance from your conversation!

It is foolish to let any of the ordinary aches and pains distress you. You can be sure to feel well at any particular time and need have no wasted afternoons and evenings.

Science has made amazing strides in the relief of pain, and now headaches, backaches, earaches, and toothaches are commonly relieved in record time.

People who use HEXIN nearly always find that pains yield to 2 of these tablets with a glass of water in less than 10 minutes.

Double Action Relieves Pain Faster

The HEXIN formula (printed on the box) is well known to modern doctors and druggists. Part of this new 5-grain tablet dissolves at once in the stomach, giving instant relief. The remainder dissolves in the digestive tract and prolongs relief amazingly. Many users claim relief to be 3 times as fast and to last 3 times as long.

Originally developed for children, HEXIN had to be safe and, in actual clinical tests, it proved much less disturbing to the digestion than old-fashioned, slow-acting tablets. It can be taken

just before meals without upsetting the stomach or spoiling the appetite.

Quick Relief for Colds

While no certain cure has been developed for the common cold, many people find that if they take 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken, a threatened cold fails to develop. HEXIN also greatly relieves the discomfort incident to colds in the head.

The fever-reducing action of HEXIN is well known to the medical profession. Pains due to rheumatism, arthritis and neuritis usually yield quickly to HEXIN.

Make the Only Test that Counts

Next time you are in pain, take 2 HEXIN tablets with water and look at your watch. In most cases the pain begins to lessen and tense muscles relax in 3 to 5 minutes. In 5 to 10 minutes pain miraculously vanishes.

All modern doctors and druggists know the HEXIN formula and endorse it. Buy a box today. Insist on HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".

The only test of any pain-reliever which means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test free by mailing the coupon now.



Packed in bottles of 50 or 100 tablets for home use

Buy HEXIN in these economical sizes



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Generous sample mailed FREE.

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\$3 is a lot of money in 1933

Save it

See what your savings on Tooth Paste will buy

CLOTHES

Handkerchiefs, hat, or hose; sweater, gloves, or knickers; pyjamas, or underwear; bathrobe, or raincoat; collars, or muffler; sneakers; moccasins; house slippers, or shoes; rubbers, or galoshes; belt, suspenders, and garters (all 3); overalls or lumber jacket; one or two dress shirts; neckties, shirts, or cuff links.

FOR THE CAR

Spark plugs, tire chains, or jack; spotlight, or tail and stop light; a horn, or brake bands; auto clock, or inner tube; 20 gallons of gasoline; 3 gallons of oil.

SMOKING ARTICLES

Cigarette case; lighter; one to six pipes; good tobacco pouch; 30 packages cigarettes; 30 packages tobacco.

This modern tooth paste removes film faster... makes teeth whiter... cannot scratch enamel



In 1929, five or six dollars couldn't buy what *three* dollars will buy today.

If you can save \$3 or so on tooth paste, and at the same time keep your teeth cleaner and whiter than ever before, this is certainly the year to do it!

* * *

A week's trial of Listerine Tooth Paste will be a revelation to you. Teeth lose their dingy look... get steadily whiter... regain their old sparkle.

But not at the risk of the precious enamel! The new polishing agent in Listerine Tooth Paste is *harder* than the tartar that clings to the teeth but *softer* than the teeth themselves. So it swiftly removes discolorations and tobacco

stains without marring or scratching the tooth surface in any way.

Because so many millions of people have switched to this modern dentifrice for the good of their teeth and gums, it is possible to sell it at 25 cents—or about half the price of other good tooth pastes. That's where your saving comes in—and all the time you are doing the best possible thing to keep your teeth white and sound!

Get that big tube of Listerine Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Start for yourself an era of economy and dental health combined. You'll like the taste. You'll like the results. And you'll like the things your \$3 saved will buy! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



25¢

Listerine TOOTH PASTE

MOVIE CLASSIC

Claudette finds facial "defects" where no one else ever has. She says her cheek-bones are "too high"

Claudette's eyes are assets—no doubt about that. But she thinks they're "too far apart"

When she was little, she poked pebbles into her nose—and now she thinks her nose is "all wrong"

What's wrong with Claudette's features—either individually or collectively? "Not one thing!" say the critics. But she says, "My chin is too pointed"

When Claudette was born, her father said her mouth was too large. She wonders—believe it or not—if he wasn't right. But beauty experts call her beautiful!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Claudette is amused when people call her "beautiful," because she is convinced that "everything is wrong" with her face. But she is willing to admit that perhaps she creates an ILLUSION of beauty—and tells how it is possible!

Tells How to be BEAUTIFUL *in Spite* *of Your Face!*

ANY woman should be interested in Claudette Colbert. Any woman should want to ask her

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

Charles Rosher, one of Hollywood's ace cameramen and a gentleman who has photographed nearly all of the famous film

how she does it. For Claudette has contrived, somewhat to her own astonishment, to acquire a reputation for unusual beauty with a set of features that she, herself, says simply do not match.

Yet the reviews of her pictures have been, for the most part, ecstatic on the subject of her beauty. "The radiantly lovely Colbert" and "the most beautiful woman on the screen to-day"—these are two somewhat restrained examples of the opinion of the Press upon the subject.

beauties, says that he would rather work with Claudette than almost anyone he has ever seen. All of which inspires Claudette mostly to fits of giggles.

"This face!" she gasps, incredulously. "If you only knew the trouble I have had with it—and how I have worried about it and worked with it! To have it called 'beautiful,' after all these years, is almost too much for me. Everything is wrong with it!"

(Continued on page 50)

"I'd Like to Be Human —for a Change!"

says CONNIE BENNETT

Connie is famous for saying what she thinks—and right here and now she says that many a reporter has insulted her intelligence and yours with preposterous yarns about her. She'd like people to know her as she really is—and here's YOUR chance! It's something new in Bennett interviews!

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

"HIGH-HAT, ritzy, insulting, conceited, mercenary"—those are only a few of the milder adjectives showered upon Constance Bennett by the gentlemen and the ladies—especially the ladies—of the Press. Connie frankly admits that she takes herself seriously—and we all would admit the same thing if we possessed an equal degree of honesty. She has read all those stories. Sometimes, she has lost her temper. Sometimes, she has said, a bit humorously, a bit caustically, just what she recently said to me: "I'd like to be human—if only for a change!"

There is no complaint in her voice, for she is not the complaining kind. Neither is she "wistful," for which Allah be praised. A complaint, in her opinion, is a confession of weakness, and Connie is a true daughter of a scrappy sire, a fighter, first, last and always. She talks straight from the shoulder, in take-me-or-leave-me style. She talks man-fashion, or, at least, in the fashion most men prefer when they rehearse that imaginary conference with the boss. Above all, she *talks*!

"By 'human,'" she explains, "I mean just what *you* mean when you use the word. I mean that I'd like to be represented as a normal conglomeration of faults and virtues. I resent sappy, goody-goody stories more than I do those that paint me as an ego-crazed snob. A snob can have character, at least. More than either, I resent articles that insult my intelligence and the intelligence of readers. Those leave me furious!"

"I spend two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year for clothes"—it's almost incredible that any writer could

be stupid enough to charge anyone of sound mind with so ridiculous a statement! In the first place, it would be a virtual impossibility to spend that much money for clothes; in the second place, only an insane fool could even contemplate such extravagance; in the third place, with people starving, it would be worse than poor taste to flaunt such waste; and, in the fourth place, it is ill-bred to display one's price tags.

"Every girl should marry a millionaire"—I was also given the credit for *that* asinine remark! Not long ago, I was charged with spending one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for dental work! All three articles were manufactured of whole cloth—and all three were inexcusable insults to my intelligence. It is the latter fact, especially, that rankles!"

And when Connie Bennett "rankles," she keeps her ire no secret. She is not a respecter of persons; neither has she one iota of awe for the "sacred cows" of the press. Whoever treads on the Bennett toes or tries to invade the Bennett privacy is warned to watch his step.

"Am I supposed to disrupt my entire life in order to kowtow to the self-esteem of reporters?" demands Connie, the light of battle in her eyes. "When I am working on a picture, I *work*! I refuse to see anyone not directly connected with my work—not because I am unsociable, but because I have a job to do and intend to do it to the best of my ability. My 'no-trespass' rule is not a secret. Then *why* do interviewers insist on forcing their way on my set? If I refuse to talk to them, they have only themselves to blame."

When will interviewers learn that Connie has a mind





"Human"

"I'd like to be human!" says Connie. "I'd like to be represented as a normal conglomeration of faults and virtues. I resent sappy, goody-goody stories more than I do those that paint me as an ego-crazed snob. More than either, I resent articles that insult my intelligence"

of her own, and that she means what she says? On her return from Europe last March, she was met at the dock by an army of reporters and magazine writers. She talked to them all, then explained that since she would be in New York only a few hours and wanted to see her friends, she would be unable to grant additional interviews. The press agreed to respect her wishes. Yet, as she was boarding the train for Hollywood and attempting to say goodbye to her assembled friends, a girl reporter for a certain newspaper forced her way through the crowd, interrupted very unceremoniously, and demanded a statement.

"I'm sorry," said Connie, very graciously, "I can't give you an interview now—the train has already been held five minutes for me."

"But I *must* have a statement," the girl insisted. "I want to know how you have kept your husband a lover—Gloria Swanson was here last week and *she* gave me a story on the same subject. . . ."

"It seems I lost my temper," declares Constance, in telling of the incident. "I could pardon the lack of consideration—but to be asked a sappy question like that! It was too much!"

Why She Kept Her Wedding Private

AN avalanche of newspaper accusation was launched at Connie's blonde head on the occasion of her marriage to Henri de la Falaise. She kept a horde of reporters and cameramen waiting outside the Fitzmaurice home, where the ceremony was performed, it seems, and did not even invite them inside!

"The newspapers seemed to forget that I had made my intentions perfectly clear *before* the wedding," says Constance, not in apology, but in explanation. "I told the studio publicity heads emphatically that my marriage was to be private. I told them to send one cameraman to the

(Continued on page 58)

Ruth Hall (right) is one of the few "Gorgeous Goldwyn Girls" who have won featured rôles. Elinor Kingston (in foreground, below), a chorus beauty, averages forty dollars a week

By JOHN L.



Beauty Is Cheap in HOLLYWOOD!

NINE out of every ten girls who write to Hollywood, begging for a "chance in pictures," modestly devote paragraphs to their beauty. The tenth lass, being equally misled, wistfully apologizes for her lack of that magic quality. As if Hollywood gives a hang!

Beauty is a drug on the Hollywood market—the cheapest commodity offered for sale in this fame-crazy town. Why, if all the dazzling damozels in Cinemaland were paraded past the average casting director, he would die of boredom before the vanguard had passed. He's that used to beauty!

Have you *personality*? Is your *voice* appealing? Can you *wear clothes*, and what is the extent of your wardrobe? Can you *act*? Can you scream convincingly—can you ride a horse?

Those questions are important. Beauty? Old stuff, why bring coal to Newcastle? See that girl over yonder—the waitress, I mean? She won a half-dozen beauty contests before coming to Movietown. Now, she is waiting on tables for a living. Oh, once in a blue moon she gets a call from Central Casting and decorates the remote background in a mob scene. Ask her; she'll tell you that beauty is dirt-cheap in Hollywood.

BEAUTY SELLS FOR FIVE DOLLARS A DAY—when it sells at all!

Jean Carmen (right) is one of the forty hand-picked beauties in RKO's "Melody Cruise," along with Elinor Kingston and Kay Gordon. She earns seventy-five dollars a week—because she takes risks for stars, rather than because of her beauty!

"The Kid From Spain," "42nd Street," "Melody Cruise," "Gold-Diggers of 1933" and at least a score of other filmusicals have featured chorus gals as beauteous as the houris of a Mohammedan Paradise, with figures de luxe and faces enchanting. In the "good old days," one chorine out of a hundred be-





Virginia Bruce (left) is one of the few beauties of "Whoopie" who are well known to-day. Kay Gordon (below) bases her ambition on her voice. In the background are "Goldwyn Girls"



What is beauty worth to Hollywood? Next to nothing! It sells for five dollars a day when it sells at all—as 10,000 girls can tell you! Even new beauties who get contracts average only forty dollars a week. Your face will never be your fortune in the movies, if you can't do anything except look beautiful!

Toby Wing (left) is one of Warners' most successful chorus beauties. She gets a salary of seventy-five dollars a week—by being a specialty dancer. Maybe you "picked" her out of the chorus in "42nd Street"



came a "bit" player; one out of a thousand became a leading lady; and one out of about ten thousand rose to stardom. To-day, with depression audiences demanding super-entertainment, the figures (and I mean the statistics this time, not the curves) are even more discouraging.

Over-Supply Brings Low Wages

THE faster beauty arrives in Hollywood, the lower the price it brings. Sam Goldwyn selected some very luscious young ladies for the chorus of "Whoopie," Eddie Cantor's first talkie. Two hundred and fifty girls worked in that opus and their salaries averaged ninety dollars a week. The vivacious beauties of "Palmy Days" were just as charming, but their average wage was only seventy-five dollars. For the last Cantor eyeful, "The Kid From Spain," Goldwyn combed the known world, gathered a bevy of pulse-quickeners who would have made Helen of Troy look like a truck horse—and paid them only sixty dollars a week.

And now we are again in the throes of a filmusical epidemic, thanks to the success of "42nd Street." The price of beauty, however, has struck a new low. Chorines are now getting forty-dollar checks. Why pay more, when there are hundreds of beauties clamoring for a chance—at any price? In short, the supply exceeds the demand!

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"TALK FAST and You'll Get the Breaks," says LEE TRACY —Who Knows!

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

YOU can talk yourself into anything—into a job if you're out of work, into a better job if you're already working. You can talk yourself out of a jam. You can talk the girl you love into saying 'yes!' Talk, and the world is yours—but be sure you use the correct words!" Lee Tracy, the screen's greatest interpreter of ballyhoo rôles, is broadcasting, la-a-d-e-e-z and gentlemen!

He's broadcasting with all the Tracy hand-wavings, facial expressions and bodily contortions. So gather closer, there is nothing here to offend the most fastidious. Step right up and get a load of plain, everyday talk-sense from a master-talker, whose own career is his best testimonial.

He's a great actor, but, more important still, he's a high-pressure salesman de luxe. He assures you that the moon is made of green cheese—and makes you believe it. He subtly convinces you that you, yourself, discovered the startling fact. There's really nothing surprising about Lee Tracy's whirlwind success in those fast-talking screen rôles. Off-screen, as well as on-screen, he has the



Here's an interview that will pep you up! The talkies' fastest talker tells how he got that way—and talked his way to fame. He makes it sound easy!

"gift-of-gab." He was born with it—and he has conscientiously developed it ever since.

His mother, brilliantly educated and the dean of a famous school, was thoroughly versed in the persuasive tricks of children. But she listened in amazement and willy-nilly admiration as her tall, gangling progeny employed skillfully marshalled logic and impassioned emotional appeal to talk himself out of scrapes and into pleasures. She prophesied that Lee would someday be a great criminal attorney. And thereby Mrs. Tracy qualifies as a very good prophet, indeed, in the estimation of her son, who points out—and sells you on—the fact that criminal lawyers and actors are brothers under the skin.

Talked Himself Onto the Stage

ITALKED myself into my first stage job," Lee told me with an emphatic gyration of his right hand and a rather pleased grin. "It was like this: When I was discharged from the Army in 1918, my father wanted me to return to college and study engineering. But I'd already thought it out and decided to be an actor. I finally persuaded the family that I was a second Booth. I convinced them that it would be absolutely criminal to deprive me of my chance. My father agreed to finance me for one year in New York. I agreed that if I failed to make the grade in one year, I would give up the stage and do whatever he wished.

"I called on several theatrical agents and soon concluded that I didn't have a ghost of a chance without experience. I couldn't stave off that first question, 'What plays have you been in?'

"I had a long talk with myself and decided to acquire a 'background.' I dug up old copies of the theatrical papers. I knew that New York producers, at that time, didn't pay much attention to show troupes playing the West Coast, so I found out just which shows had been presented in San Francisco two or three years before. I spent hours memorizing the names of players, theatres, stage directors and playwrights. I

learned the jargon of the stage. Then I wrote my speech.

"I tried to put myself in the agents' shoes. I tried to anticipate every question that might be asked me. I rehearsed my replies until they rolled off my tongue without a sign of hesitation. When

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The water in Jean's drinking fountain couldn't be any cooler than the nods that she and Joan give each other when they meet. They're far from being pals!



By DOROTHY MANNERS

rest. But Hollywood gossips are wondering if a newer, and perhaps zippier rivalry is not under way on the famous battleground of Culver City—with Jean Harlow *vs.* Joan Crawford, or if you prefer, *Joan vs. Jean.*

Just recently Jean Harlow won *first* place, and Joan Crawford *second*, as the leading sex-appeal stars of the screen in a contest conducted by a movie magazine. Consider the possibilities: the two leading hot-cha honies of the moment under one studio roof—and what have you, if not the possibility of some very subtle “warfare”?

Though Joan outranks Jean (she is officially a star and Jean isn't yet), already the rumors are afloat that the girls aren't exactly as intimate as butter and bread. There are hints, and other little things, to give an indication of the way the finger is pointing:

Jean and Joan, for more than a year now, have dressed within a stone's throw of one another. When they accidentally meet on the stairs, or on the long porch that runs along dressing-room row, it is with a most casual nod to “Miss Harlow” and a nod to “Miss Crawford.”

Though both girls entertain frequently, I have never heard of Jean being on Joan's guest list—or Joan on Jean's. Yet Joan is most friendly with practically

every feminine player on the M-G-M lot. And so is Jean. When Joan admits to an “admiration” among the newcomers to the screen (which she does frequently), the girl selected is usually Katharine Hepburn. Jean has picked

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Has JEAN Become JOAN'S *Rival*?

Joan Crawford is a star, and Jean Harlow isn't yet, but she doesn't have far to go. And all the signs indicate that the two girls—who have both had plenty of rivals—are going to BE rivals now!

WITH Norma Shearer temporarily away from M-G-M, and with the flare of their whispered “feud” dissolved in a final outburst of mutual admiration, the famous Norma Shearer-Joan Crawford tug-of-war for studio supremacy lies gently at

COWBOYS

on the Screen

— City Slickers

Off It!

THEY'RE brawny he-men before the camera, these Ken Maynards and Tom Mixes and Tom Keenes and Randolph Scotts and others, but AWAY from the camera—ah, that's a different story!

You see these burly fellows on the screen and you reasonably imagine them sleeping out on the plains to the tune of the coyote, with the earth beneath them and the sky above; sweating sturdily in coarse flannel shirts, eating the plain, but honest fare of the ranch-house, hanging around the corral, unshaven and unshorn. But here is a case where seeing must not be believing.

They sleep between satin or handkerchief-linen sheets. *Honestly*, they do. They are epicureans of the table. They dwell in marble halls and are attended by soft-footed, soft-voiced servants. They collect antiques and first editions, and they wear hand-tailored suits of the best materials. The tune of the wild coyote gives way to the tunes of Bach or Beethoven. They are the scions of proud houses, with several grandsires and great grandsires on the well-planted family tree. They would make Leslie Howard, Clive Brook, Herbert Marshall and Ronald Colman, those impeccable gentlemen of the Mayfair drawing-room, look like recruits from "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show" by comparison.

Ken Maynard, for a first surprising example, is one of the wealthiest men in Hollywood. No mere cowboy coins jingle in the silk-lined pockets of Ken. He recently bought and paid cash for his beautiful home, and for all of the de luxe furnishings. He paid cash for his opulent motors (not mere cars, you know). He owns seven airplanes and he also paid cash for them, because he does not believe in owing money for anything, for any reason.

There was one time in Ken's life when he was running true to his present screen form. It was when he was twelve years old. He ran away and joined a one-horse wagon show. He took care of the horses, slept in barns, and went cold and hungry until his father took him home again. He declares that he would never go back to that form of living or anything like it—never.

The Kind of Life Ken Leads

KEN'S living-room at home is done with soft-piled Oriental rugs, deep crimson hangings, soft loungy chairs. The entrance hall of the mansion is of Italian design and boasts noble pillars, marble floors and a beautifully curving stairway down which a lord of the manor, not a rough-riding cowboy, should (and does) appear. The library carries out the color scheme of the living-room (Ken is a stickler for color schemes) and the bookcases are filled with beautifully-bound first editions. The romantic poets fill many a shelf. Ken is partial to—*canaries*. And almost every room in the house is gay with the delicate songs of these birds.

The garages hold two large cars and a small coupé for the help. Ken's real hobby is flying. He says, "I am a cowboy in public—but the air, not the earth, is my passion."

Ken never drinks, never smokes, never swears. He says, "You can be he-man without benefit of plug tobacco or profanity." Which is not a mean message to the Youth of the land who

These four "hard" he-men (top to bottom) are Randolph Scott, who grins that the movies have educated him about horses; Ken Maynard, who is just acting when he steps before the camera as a cowboy; Tom Keene, who is trying hard to "go Western" in private life, too; and John Davis Lodge, ex-lawyer





Randolph Scott, Ken Maynard, Tom Keene and John Davis Lodge may be brawny on the screen — but off the screen, it's a different story! They're regular Beau Brummells, lead "educated" lives, and go in for life's luxuries!

By GLADYS HALL

are Maynard followers. He has a large staff of Filipino servants and he has his own "Johnnie" for chauffeur and dresser. This man, who rides roughshod over the mountains and plains, does not drive his own car or dress his own self. He has his coats and suits pressed and brushed and then adjusted on him by serving hands. Ken has all of his boots made to order, with soles as soft as those of a woman's shoe. The finest leather that can be obtained goes into the making of these boots and a pair of them can be taken and crushed together in a woman's hands. His gloves are also made to order because he dislikes the heavy seams usually found in a man's gloves.

His shirts, of the finest texture possible, are all specially made and monogrammed for him. And he has had a special shirt designed for his tuxedo, with only one thickness in front. His overcoat for dress wear is made with a wide shawl collar which makes a scarf when so adjusted. He designed the coat, himself, because he does not like to wear separate scarves. His hats are also made to order and of the finest felt, of a very particular weight. He usually wears dark blue or dark brown, with ties and gloves and socks and shirts carrying out the color scheme.

There is no ease, no detail of fine living that Ken does not have about him. When he steps before the camera as a Western cowboy, he is *acting*—he is giving a performance.

Randy Likes Life's Luxuries

THEN there's Randolph Scott, born and raised in Virginia, suh, and educated at a prep school at Woodberry Forest, Virginia, at the University of Virginia and at Georgia Tech. And while Randy was in college he was chiefly engaged in musical work, as a member of the college Glee Club, in a stringed instrument orchestra and in musical productions. He did play football, but he never rode a horse Western-style in his life until he came to Hollywood. He left college after two years and spent the next year or two tasting the highlights of Europe.

Randy lives, now, with Cary Grant in Hollywood. They have a very Spanish and very luxurious home in the Hollywood hills. And they have a colored couple, very highly trained, to care for them.

Randy makes out his own menus every day of his life. No chance, haphazard fare for him. He likes caviar and delicately browned chicken and rich desserts. He has, he says, "a tasty palate." And he sleeps in a seven-foot bed originally owned, I believe, by Howard Hughes and purchased by Randy for his greater comfort. The sheets and the coverings are of monogrammed linen and the airiest of wool textures. Randy also goes in for color schemes, both in his personal wardrobe and in the things he has about him.

Randy appreciates music—especially symphonies. He always goes to the Hollywood Bowl when there is a program there. And he especially cares about Grieg's "Peer Gynt Suite," Ravel's "Bolero" and Dvorak's "New World Symphony." He also likes to dance and is one of those who may be seen, every now and again, at the Cocoanut Grove or the Biltmore or some other Hollywood bright night-spot.

These four happy-go-lucky chaps (top to bottom) are Randolph Scott, who admits he has the tastes of "a millionaire sportsman"; Ken Maynard, who is the tailors' delight; Tom Keene, who can't shake that New York "look"; and John Davis Lodge, who plays the piano and sings (at home) with a Boston accent

He says, "I am a millionaire sportsman by nature, though not by pocketbook. I am perfectly frank in saying emphatically that I would like to have a great deal of money and that I would probably use a large portion of it for my own comfort. I like to pal about with very wealthy people, disgustingly wealthy people, because the things they have are my kind of things and the things they do

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GARY COOPER Answers Twenty Frank Questions

MOVIE CLASSIC, through James Fidler, asks the Big Silent Man from Montana twenty "impertinent" (but important) questions, and he fires back twenty "pertinent" answers — about everything from his "romances" to his health. It's a cross-examination that brings you up-to-date about him!

By JAMES FIDLER and GARY COOPER

Last month MOVIE CLASSIC asked: "Has Gary Cooper Changed?" — and gave you his answer. But big as that question was,

there were twenty more that needed asking (and answering)—and here they are. It's the sixth interview in MOVIE CLASSIC's "cross-examination" series, in which you form your own opinion of a star, without any help from the interviewer. All he does is to ask frank questions, which should bring frank, newsy answers. And Gary comes through with them! —Editor.

"MONTANA" GARY COOPER, who still retains his Western shyness despite many years before the camera, was actually apprehensive when James Fidler arrived to fire twenty "impertinent" questions at him.

"Go easy on me, will you?" Gary begged. "I've read some of your Questions-and-Answers articles and they are relentlessly frank."

"If I ask any question that you don't like," Fidler answered, "you may pop me with a coffee cup or, since they're now the style, a beer mug. But answer the ques-

tion before you pop—I *must* have 'pertinent' answers."

With that warning, Jimmie plied Gary with a set of questions that were designed to bring you closer to Gary than you have ever been before. Read Fidler's questions (in light italics) and Cooper's answers (in heavy Roman type) and meet Gary all over again:

1. *Do you ever think of Lupe Velez?*

"Yes—often. The many months Lupe and I spent together remain a happy memory. I rarely see her; I did not even see her on the stage when I was in New York. I have no particular desire to renew our—shall I call it friendship?—but I am glad I did not miss the happiness while it lasted."

2. *Will you ever marry? When?*

"I hope I shall. Many people regard me as a perennial bachelor, but I do not share their opinion. Other than my born taste for travel, I think I am a rather conservative home-person. I plan to marry when I find the right girl. That may be next week or ten years from to-day."

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◆ THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS ◆

Hollywood nearly lost one of its top-notchers when Ann Harding was vacationing in Havana. Ann and Alex Kirkland (in background)—both deny they are interested in one another—narrowly escaped death when the boat in which they were sailing overturned. Their cries were heard by an American Embassy attache, who, while passing in another boat, rescued them from the shark-infested waters



Just because you see Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Katharine Hepburn together, don't get the impression there is anything serious between them. "Kay-Hep" is married, you know, and Doug is just her co-star in "The Morning Glory." Doug may wear his white flannels, but Katharine will stick to her overalls



Wide World
Johnny Mack Brown, who plays polo, and Claire Windsor, who likes to watch him, show they can take it with smiles when the photographer shouts, "Don't look at each other—look at me!"

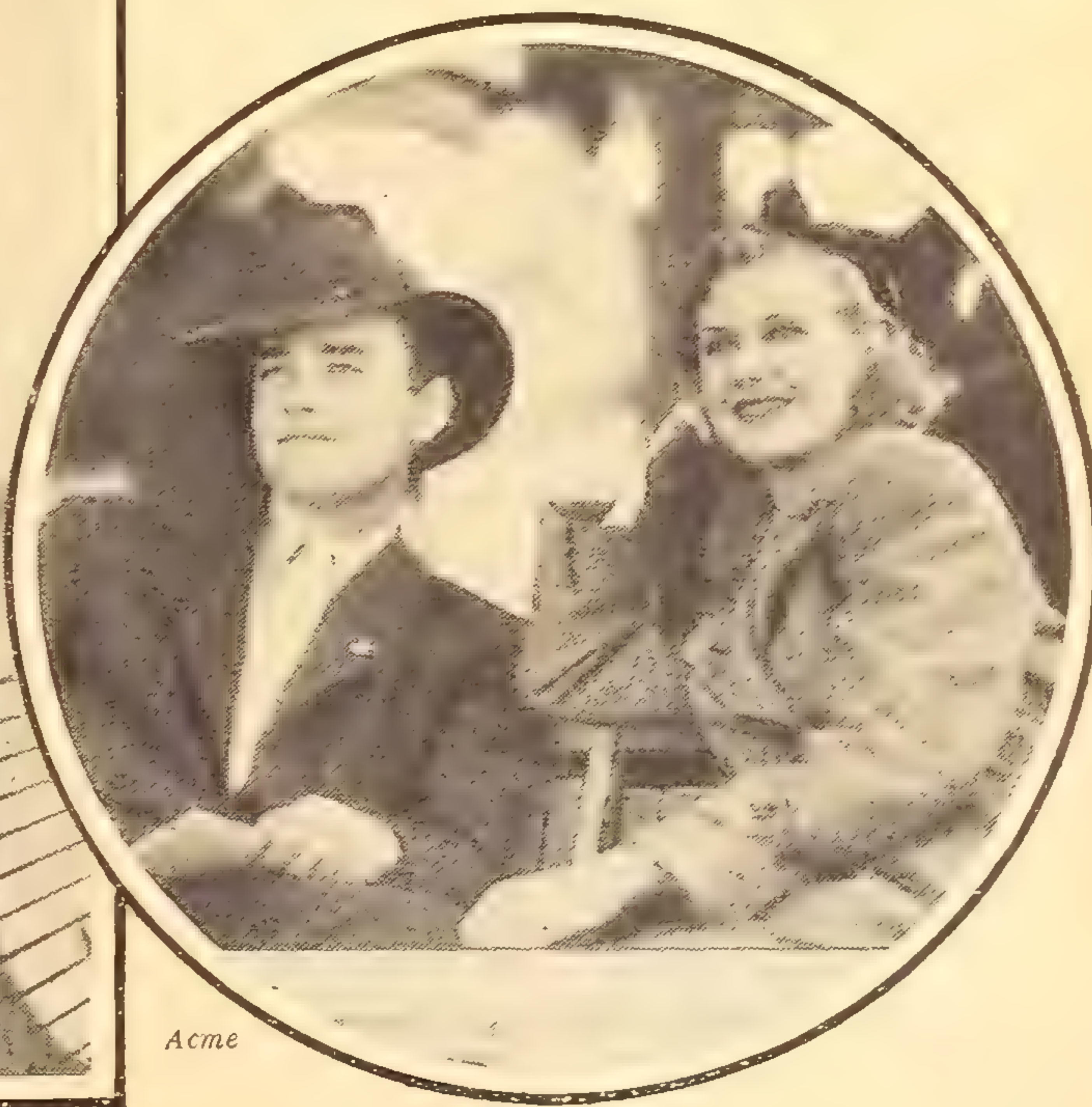


Wide World

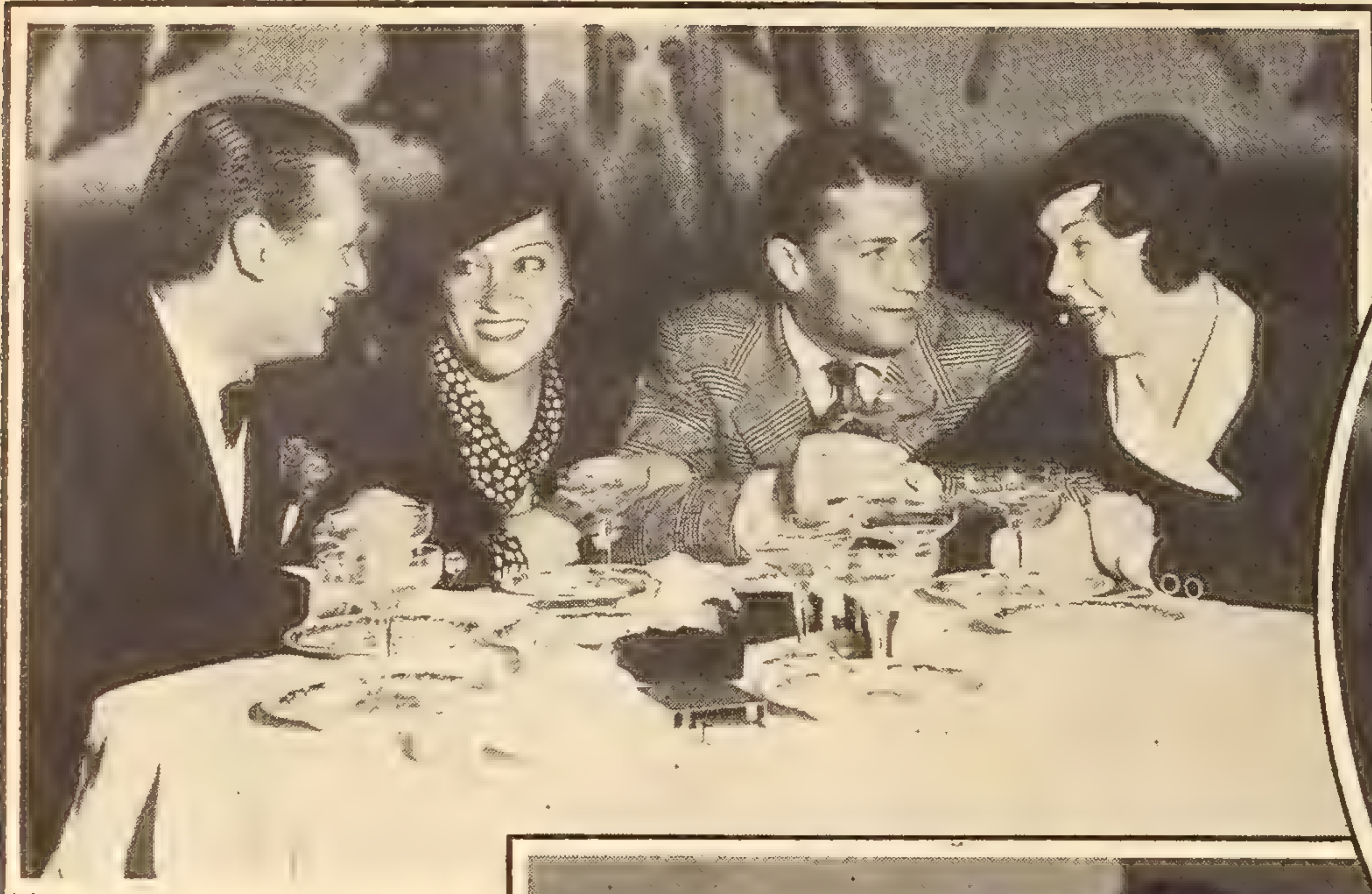
Keystone

The latest star to decorate a ship's rail and wave greetings to you and you is Sally Blane, who sailed recently for England. Wonder if the trip spells the marriage of Sally and the Earl of Warwick? Hollywood says they're keen for each other, but both deny any romance

At far right are Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers, who were prominent among the stars attending Hoot Gibson's annual rodeo at his Saugus ranch. Romance? Who can tell? Anyway, Lew is single now and Ginger is unattached



Acme



Wide World

While Joan Crawford steps out with somebody else, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is trying to forget their break-up by going places with such old friends as Gloria Swanson, her husband, Michael Farmer, and Colleen Moore (above). Could Doug and Gloria be chatting about Michael's new suit?



Wide World

The eyebrows are your clue (above). It's Marlene Dietrich, as she looked when testifying she fears kidnapers. She left Hollywood secretly to prove it—and won't be back till Fall!



Has Jackie Cooper played the rôle of Danny Cupid? It almost looks like it (left)—with his mom, Mrs. Mabel Cooper, marrying Charles Bigelow of Chicago, with his blessing



It's too bad, girls, but Buster Crabbe is "out of circulation" already. He's honeymooning with Adah Virginia Held, Beverly Hills "deb," who will henceforth be known as Buster's Tiny Woman. They were school sweethearts



Wide World

Well, the gossip writers can now fold their tents and steal away in disgrace. For Billie Dove may be a bride again, but the lucky man isn't one of her many rumored "fiancés." She sprang a surprise and eloped with Robert Kenaston, California rancher, who looks eligible for the movies, himself. Billie's own picture plans are indefinite at the moment—but she has some



Life's going to be serious now for Louise Fazenda (above)—off the screen. She won't let Hal Wallis, Jr., think she's a "funny" mama—even if she is a famous comédienne!

Glenda Farrell, a famous little laughter-offer, laughs off another "romance" rumor—and so does Gene Raymond (right), at a polo match, where it's stylish to deny a love match

Wide World



If you wondered where Alexander Kirkland got in trim for that dangerous swim he had off Cuba, here's the answer. You see him running along Malibu Beach with Mozelle Brittone, film newcomer, and Alan Dinehart. Alex (on the left) has a beach house there—a bit away from the madding movie crowd. The romance-rumorers are linking the names of Alan and Mozelle



Acme

Muriel Evans (left, above) and Eileen Percy can't get out of the Palm Springs habit, even after cold weather departs. They're down at the famous desert winter resort, getting a head start on a summer tan. Eileen's Scottish Glengarry bonnet is something new—like her bow-tie with slacks



Acme

When Bebe Daniels sailed for Europe on a concert tour, hubby Ben Lyon went along, and so did her pal, Sally Eilers. Sally "didn't believe" she and Hoot Gibson were "separated." Bebe will make two English films while abroad,



CLARK, GEORGE and

—How do they rate with

Last month, MOVIE CLASSIC asked how such glamour girls as Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow and Constance Bennett rate with women—and answered the question by telling what feminine friendships they have in Hollywood. This is a companion story, asking how such “great lovers” as Clark Gable, George Raft and Gary Cooper stand in with other men—and telling you.—*Editor.*

THE three outstanding male sex-appeal stars of the moment are Gary Cooper, George Raft and Clark Gable. Women, both in and out of Hollywood, have established this trio as the reigning Love Gods of the current screen. Rabid women admirers have torn at their clothes for souvenirs, have written them passionately purple love letters, have stood outside hotels and cafés for hours just for a glimpse of one of them. Yet we pause to ask the all-important question in sizing up the measure of a man: “Is he a man’s man?” How do these three rate among the newspaper men, the technicians, other actors, the camera crews who know them as men—not as idols? Or perhaps the question could be more aptly put: DO they rate?

Just as Joan Crawford is instinctively liked by women (even those who do not know her), Gary Cooper is instinctively liked by men. The tall, silent gentleman from Montana, the adventurer who has lately become Hollywood’s most popular host, has the largest circle of mascu-

line acquaintances of any Hollywood actor—and the fewest number of close men-friends!

It is surprising that with a perfect set up for it, in his bachelordom, his interest in real, honest-to-goodness men things and his unassuming personality, Gary has no particular “buddies,” no constant pals or cronies. But this apparent paradox is explainable.

Gary is a “man’s man” whose entire Hollywood existence has been dominated by women! Women have not permitted him enough time away from their influence for him to form those intimate companionships among men that are so important to the average bachelor’s life.

Other Men Aren’t Jealous of Gary

WHEN big “Coop” first arrived in Hollywood, he was under the influence of his charming, but decidedly protective mother. Then he fell under the far more demanding influence of Lupe Velez, who was so madly in love with Gary that she could not bear to have him out of her sight. Even to such men-places as the prize fights and the wrestling matches went the ever-present Lupe. Eventually, of course, this dominating passion came to an end. But in place of finding freedom, Gary next fell under the social influence of a group of women-friends—Mary Pickford and the Countess Frasso among them—who took his off-screen activities most decidedly under wing.

In spite of this dominating feminine influence in his life,



GARY Men?

men who know Gary are all for him. The technical crews on his pictures swear by him. If the truth should be known, they are a little sorry for him that he does not "bust away from the skirts." Said one of the gentlemen with rolled-up sleeves on the Paramount lot, "The poor guy can't even escape those telephone calls when he is on the set. There are always two or three messages for Gary when he comes out of a scene."

Even other actors on the Paramount lot have nothing but friendly things to say about Gary. Richard Arlen comes the closest to an intimate friendship with him. Fredric March's favorite studio story concerns the long talk he once had with an executive who spent hours telling him how much *Gary Cooper's* sex-appeal rated at the box-office. Neil Hamilton (once jokingly described by a friend as a "conscientious objector to all other actors") insists that, as a regular guy, "they don't come any better than Coop." His large group of men *acquaintances* includes the Fairbankses, both Junior and Senior, Leslie Howard, Irving Thalberg, Jack Oakie, William Powell, Wesley Ruggles, Robert Montgomery, Jimmy Durante, Moss Hart, Charles Farrell, and practically all the directors and executives on the Paramount lot.

Clark Gable, George Raft and Gary Cooper are attractive to women—no one doubts that. But how do these sex-appeal heroes rate with "men's men"? Can they claim many men-friends?

This story tells you!

By NANCY PRYOR

In spite of the fact that women have not permitted Gary *time* to indulge in stag parties, poker games, week-end trips and other little get-togethers with the boys, he still rates one hundred per cent with members of his own sex. Which is quite an accomplishment, if you ask us!

Looks Like a Possible Rival to Other Men

GEORGE RAFT, as a type, is not *instinctively* liked by men who do not know him. Just as Jean Harlow inspires suspicion in the minds of women who judge her only by externals, so does Raft encounter the same suspicious opposition in the minds of other men. As a type, he is sleek, suave, polished. Perhaps a little too sleek, a little too suave. He has the same polished effect of Rudolph Valentino, whose greatest admiration, even at the height of his fame, came from women—not men. Raft, like Valentino, is a former dancer, and his movements are unconsciously graceful. He is as slender-hipped as an eel, with the dancer's physique, rather than the athlete's. Even publicity stories about him have run more to kissing, than to hunting trips. His popularity on the screen has been based on seductive "he-vamp" types of rôles.

An actor who does not know Raft once remarked that it made him nervous to see the sensational George on the screen. "He's so slick that I'm afraid he's going to slide out of the camera lines!" Another male star was overheard complaining that George "made a noise

just like a movie star" during a recent week-end trip at Palm Springs. The chief dissatisfaction seemed to have been with George's loud silk shirts and his even louder-striped lounging robes. I once asked Paul Muni what he thought of Raft. "I've got enough troubles thinking about my own career," replied Mr. Muni in a most non-committal statement.

Yet George Raft—smooth, sleek George—has more "buddies" than Gary Cooper and Clark Gable (Hollywood's two very popular "he-men" stars) put together! He is usually completely surrounded by an entourage of cronies, including Sammy Finn, his ever-pres-

ent companion (long falsely suspected of being a personal bodyguard), Jimmy Starr, local movie critic, Jim Mitchell, also a newspaper man, two boys from the publicity department, a well-known local prize-fighter, a sports writer, and three or four others of equal men's-world calibre.

A Reporter's View of George

A HOLLYWOOD studio reporter, whose opinion of actors in general is too blistering to be sent through the mails, says of George Raft: "Don't let anybody kid you—he is a plenty good guy. Any man who really knows George will tell you that. Strangely enough, he doesn't drink, and he doesn't care for poker, and I don't think I

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LOOKING

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST



If Janet Gaynor misses her former screen partner, Charles Farrell, she isn't showing it in "Adorable" (top left). New-comer Henry Garat dances and romances with the "new," sophisticated Janet. Gary Cooper denies any new romance just by yachting with Mrs. William Powell—Carole Lombard to you (top center). Meanwhile, Lilian Harvey, who called Gary "the long, tall, pretty one," dances merrily in "My Lips Betray." Like her outfit (top right)?

scenes in the film are intimate tête-à-têtes with John, the onlookers expected some gossip-inspiring events. But instead . . . what happened? They lunched together and dined together . . . and the moment their scenes were completed they started out on a week-end trip together. *Buddies* is no word for them!

THE separation of Sue Carol and Nick Stuart so soon after the birth of their little daughter was an authentic surprise to Hollywood . . . and a sad one. Everyone had believed these two to be so happy . . . and even now it is believed that actual divorce could be avoided if certain professional "good breaks" would occur.

The separation of this likable couple, even more than the break between Doug and Joan, is making Hollywood more and more cynical about marriage. It's more than "too bad" . . . !

THE absurdly *clipped* Faulkner dialogue in "Today We Live" has started a new lingo fad in Hollywood. Everybody is going around hailing everybody else with a crisp "Stout fellow!" or "Good girl!" It is unfortunate that Franchot Tone's first important rôle before the public (he didn't have much to do in "Gabriel Over the White House") should make him *sound* as though he did not speak the English language! Here's hoping he gets a part soon in which he is not expected to *bark* his words—maybe in "Stranger's Return" opposite Miriam Hopkins!

ONE of the developments which was *not* expected from the "Dinner At Eight" set was the warm, crony-like friendship which has sprung up between John Barrymore and Lee Tracy! The story goes that some time ago the Broadway-Royal Mr. Barrymore had "snooted" the equally Broadway, but not so Royal, Mr. Tracy and that the memory still lingered. As practically all of the Tracy

Jack Holt "aims to please" as the two-fisted hero of "The Woman I Stole" (upper left). No one can do it better! Above, Dorothy Granger burlesques Mae West (with Leslie Fenton's help) in the short, "She Outdone Him"





THEM OVER

By DOROTHY MANNERS

THE unrequited love of a certain young actor in Hollywood for Joan Crawford is certainly playing havoc with his florist bills! Every day the gentleman sends orchids . . . and every day Joan wears Somebody Else's gardenias!

B. P. SCHULBERG, the producer, and Sylvia Sidney go to the greatest extremes not to be photographed together! Ever since Mr. Schulberg was divorced, this combination has been looked upon as a real romance. In spite of the fact that there is no particular reason for it, Sylvia always walks ten or twelve feet in front of Mr. Schulberg when they are entering a theatre or leaving a café. It's all very amusing to everyone—except the news cameramen, who always like to have their subjects close together.

THE Rumor Corner: Wonder if you can believe all you hear to the effect that all is not well between Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Lowe? . . . that Karen Morley is expecting a visit from the stork? . . . that Ruth Chatterton has three wigs which she alternates in her pictures? . . . that Constance Bennett wants her husband, the Marquis, to direct her in a film as soon as he returns from making his own picture in the South Seas? . . . that Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg will not return to M-G-M? . . . that Norma and Irving *will* sign with United Artists? . . . that Jean Harlow is losing a little bit too much weight for her own good? . . . that

Ginger Rogers is "The Purity Girl" in the new satire of radio stars—and isn't supposed to be hot-cha, like her maid (top left). Dick Powell sings to dancing Ruby Keeler for the second time in "Gold-Diggers of 1933" (top center). Dolores Del Rio (top right) is returning to films—in "Green Mansions"!



Still "another Gable"? That's what Hollywood is asking about Alan Livingstone, young Canadian (upper right). Myrna Loy and Ann Harding, rivals again in "When Ladies Meet," are in harmony off stage (above)



Maurice Chevalier did not have a very good time in Paris because his wife (Yvonne Vallee Chevalier) has acquired all his old friends?

LYDELL PECK, Janet Gaynor's Ex, has announced his intention of deserting Hollywood and his job of a movie supervisor, and returning to San Francisco. He intends
(Continued on page 55)



When Greta ended her long voyage from Sweden, she also ended her long silence. She talked with reporters, and posed for photographers—even if she was nervous!

GARBO

Comes Back

—and *TALKS!*

BY DRUCE STONE

A FEW years ago, the billboards announced, "Garbo TALKS!" when her elusive Swedish accent had at last been recorded for pictures. "Garbo is WILLING to talk!" exclaimed mystified press-agents when Greta arrived back from Europe and stepped right into their arms on the San Diego dock. She was a bit self-conscious, a bit frightened. But she was ending the Garbo silence, the Garbo secrecy, the Garbo "mystery"!

Press representatives, as well as photographers, were just as stunned as Greta was nervous. Here was the famous Swedish "sphinx," who had gone in for disguises and had outwitted reporters throughout Europe and all along the route back from Sweden to America, stepping off the motorship *Annie Johnson*, cornered at last. For the first time in several years, press cameras whirled and snapped as Garbo willingly waited, not a little scared. Instead of "kidnaping" her picture, photographers were taking "shots" with full permission.

The unexpected was happening. Her departure from Sweden had been both reported and denied; no one in Hollywood seemed positive that she was actually returning; her manager, Harry Eddington, was quoted as saying he was willing to wager she was not on board the *Annie Johnson*. She had avoided New York—and New York's reporters—by returning this way. Everything pointed to Garbo's trying to outwit the press again. And here she was, being very nice to the boys! She wasn't even wearing dark glasses!

They had to work fast, however, even though Greta was courteously obliging. She had just stepped down the gangplank, which had been lowered almost to the running-board of a waiting limousine, after she had shaken the hand of Captain C. O. Holmberg. Her walk was still sinuous—that fact was noted by some two hundred movie fans (a large number for that early hour on a Sunday), besides the reporters. They noted, too, her large bouquet of flowers (a gift from the captain), her faultlessly-tailored gray twill suit, the black-dotted orange scarf, and the gray slouch hat whose brim was drawn down rakishly over her mas-caraed eyes.

How Reporters Broke the Ice

"MISS GARBO, can you take a moment to talk to us?" began a lion-hearted, ice-breaking reporter, as she stepped upon the dock.

"That's very difficult here," she said.

"Won't you say something—anything? Say that you're glad to be back."

"Ooh—of course, I am glad to be back."

"How long do you intend to stay in America?"

Quickly, without fumbling for words, but obviously nervous at the directness of the question, the mystery of the films etched a philosophical gem and uttered it: "One never knows what time will bring, does one?"

(Continued on page 56)



The *Annie Johnson*, which brought Greta back



DIANA WYNYARD

Usually, the movies glorify a newcomer. But here is a newcomer who has glorified the movies! How many people had ever seen her or even heard of her before "Cavalcade"? And how many will ever be able to forget her now? She is one of those few who have entered the Hall of Fame for keeps! (And stayed the same afterward.) Gaily impulsive in "Reunion in Vienna," she is no less in real life—for she has rushed back to the London stage. But only for the summer!



Harvey White

She has a sense of humor, and she has a sense of glamour. They're a rare combination. Between them, she's likely to put even the Barrymores in the shade in that all-star comedy, "Dinner at Eight." Just look her over as the languorous hat-check queen who weds a doting millionaire (Wallace Beery)!

**JEAN
HARLOW**



Bachrach

DOROTHY WILSON

Woodrow Wilson had fourteen points—and Dorothy, no relation, has some good ones, herself. Before "The Age of Consent," she was a stenographer; afterward, she was a Baby Star, hailed as "a natural actress." Her sincerity and poise are natural, too, as you'll see anew in "The Purity Girl"



Dashing—that's the only word which describes Eleanor Holm in the gray swagger slacks and double-breasted jacket of white flannel (right), with which she wears a red-and-white polka-dot kerchief. Eleanor goes in for other sports besides swimming, you know, and you see her all set (above) for golf in a yellow flannel skirt with a jacket of chamois, a shade or two darker than the skirt

The combination of black taffeta, white organdie and gray tweed is an odd one, but you've yet to see anything smarter than the outfit worn above by Patricia Ellis. Patricia thinks the idea of wearing white for summer in order to look cool is an excellent one, and at the right she has on a white rough crêpe frock, brightened with touches of striped crêpe. Gloves, shoes and bag are also white

THE WARMER
THE WEATHER,
THE SPORTIER
THE STYLES!



The outfit above goes to the beach, and Helen Vinson goes to the head of the class for smartness in her white terry-cloth slacks with zipper side closings. The blouse of red-and-white-striped terry-cloth has a cowl neckline that forms a hood in the back. The cap is of red wool. Left, Helen is wearing a summery powder-blue crêpe jacket-dress, with a wide-brimmed hat of white ballbunt! and linen pumps. Note her sleeves!



Notice the tricky way the fan pleating is set on the neckline and sleeves of the powder-blue dress above. White waffle crêpe and gold braid make up this evening gown (left), which shows a classical Spartan influence. Ginger Rogers wears both of these Orry-Kelly creations in "Gold-Diggers of 1933"



Exclusive portraits by Russell Ball

It seems like a long time since Eleanor outswam the other girls in the Olympic Games and was signed by Warners. But it won't be long now until you see her featured—perhaps as Edward G. Robinson's next leading lady. For we've seen a girl who looks surprisingly like Eleanor in unlisted small parts! All this time she has been studying screen technique—and swimming to keep fit

ELEANOR HOLM



Lippman

**LONA ANDRE
AND
RICHARD ARLEN**

Is Dick under the influence of the little ex-"Panther Girl" from Ten-Ten-Tennessee, or is it the Bing Crosby influence? Anyway, Dick goes Bingo on a ukulele in "College Humor," which is the name of a lively movie, as well as a lively magazine. And it looks as if life at dear old Mid-West College is a happy, snappy one—even if Dick does play a football hero who is expelled, of all things!

FOUR DIFFERENT KINDS OF HEART-BREAKERS



When James Dunn (above) turns on that grin and his eyes go merry, what girl wouldn't take him seriously and say, "Hold Me Tight," as Sally Eilers did? But some girls say that love is accompanied by little chills up and down the back. And Jack La Rue (below) chilled many a spine in "The Story of Temple Drake"!



Buddy Rogers (top left) is back—and he's a different Buddy in "5 Cents a Glass." Heroines don't mother him now! He "slays" them with his gay, sophisticated ways! Leslie Howard (directly above) subtly suggests his emotions—and how women like to test their intuition when he's near, asking: Is he "Captured"?



ANGEL over HOLLYWOOD

If the White House needed Gabriel's "divine inspiration," what about Hollywood? Anyway, the movies have imported a little English Angel—Heather Angel is her full name—who may spread her wings and fly over some of the other actresses unless they cultivate more poise and charm

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

SHE is as fragile and as innocent-looking as a little heather flower on a sunny moor. She is as mild and as gentle as one would expect an angel to be—and her name really is Heather Angel.

Her blue eyes are confiding. Her voice is soft and appealing. There is nothing indecisive about her, but certainly there is nothing bold. She looks as if she might have difficulty in lifting a heavy chair. A featherweight blow from her slender right arm would be no protection in danger.

Just the same, Heather Angel has marched stoutly to the top of the Khyber Pass with a revolver in her belt, while a searching party was ready to follow if she did not return by sundown. Single-handed, she dispersed a rabble of yelling coolies in Shanghai. In India, she calmly continued in a play when there was a possibility that a bomb might land on the stage at any minute. And she had not been in Hollywood three weeks before she tore down half a wall in The Garden of Allah apartment hotel!

A most surprising combination of contrasts is this slim English girl. She rides her bicycle alone at night in the Hollywood hills, but she shrinks from spiders. She is planning to go fox-hunting, but she has not gone clothes-hunting. She loves pastel shades, cottage cheese, ice cream and blizzards. And she is the only actress in town who has a mother listed as an Angel in the telephone book.

An astonishing career took her over half of the civilized and a good part of the uncivilized globe before she crossed the world to play in Fox pictures. You will see her soon in the leading rôle opposite Leslie Howard in "Berkeley Square." Maybe you've seen her already in "Pilgrimage."

Not Born to Be a Teacher

HER father, a tutor at Oxford, was killed in the War when she was six years old. Mrs. Angel had only a small amount of money. She set about preparing both of her little daughters to make their own livings when they grew up. The older sister studied drawing. Heather thought she would like to teach dramatics in a girls' school.



That seemed a polite and safe career. Mrs. Angel had visions of her daughter quietly conducting classes of pig-tailed flappers through the intricacies of reciting-with-gestures. But it did not take Heather long to decide that never, never would she settle into a life of teaching little girls how to speak pieces for school recitals. She wanted to do the reciting-with-gestures, herself.

So down she went, a slender, shy youngster, to the Old Vic Theatre, armed with nothing more than a long speech from "Romeo and Juliet." There were a dozen girls waiting to try out. The acting company of the Old Vic is famous—so famous that it is considered a privilege to be accepted as a student and understudy parts without pay. The other girls were well-trained British beauties, girls with several years in dramatic schools to give them assurance, striking young women whose voices confidently filled the theatre.

By the time Heather's turn came she was almost sure that the schoolroom was inescapable. It must have been a wistful, appealing little *Juliet* who bravely spoke her lines into the formidable silence of the old theatre.

The days dragged after the audition. Heather did not think that she had the remotest chance at the appointment, but she could not settle down to any other occupation until news came that she was refused. Then one cold, gray English morning a week later the letter arrived. She had been accepted. She was going to be an actress!

Had Chance to Tour Empire

WITH all of the fervor of sixteen, she plunged into work. She memorized whole plays. She watched gestures and expressions and older players for hours.

Then came her big break. She was allowed to play the *First Fairy* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Even if it was only for a few minutes, at last she really was on the stage. Other triumphs followed, culminating in glory with the lead in a Christmas play put on at a *matinée* for children. She felt magnificently equipped to seek a salary.

(Continued on page 64)

SOLVED! The Mystery of RAFT'S "Bodyguard"!

Everywhere George goes, Sammy Finn goes, too. Hollywood whispers that he's a sinister sharpshooter. But here's the story that will end all the other stories about him. It tells who he really is!

WHETHER by accident or design, no actor has ever come to Hollywood clothed in so much mystery, so far as his past is concerned, as has George Raft. Apparently from out of nowhere, this strange fellow suddenly appeared on the motion picture horizon—with no one knowing just who he was except, perhaps, the "mysterious" companion who was always with him. No one knew where Sammy Finn came from, either. But I'm going to tell you all about him.

Dark of skin, slim of body, wiry-muscled, uneducated, Raft was the perfect "romantic gangster" type. He seemed to wear a mantle of menace about him, and Hollywood thrilled to it. He was invited into the most select of Hollywood's social circles—but behind the teacups many questions were asked and answers manufactured. Answers that spread rapidly when it became known that he was born on the brink of the underworld, and that he still numbered among his closest friends men who do not try to hide their pasts, but proudly admit they are former gangsters and have been able to walk the straight and narrow path to an honest living.

But this man, Raft—well, he was different. He admitted he was born in the Tenderloin district of New York City. He admitted being raised amid the atmosphere of gangland. But between his childhood years and the time he became famous as a dancer who gained fame in Europe and America—well, what had Raft been doing?

The teacup gossips placed him, naturally, in gangland—with its blazing guns, gangster's molls and death-dealing "rides."



"Meet Sammy Finn," says George Raft, without any explanation. But Sammy (right) speaks up for himself in this story—a story of two pals

And the movie crowd loved this explanation—loved the creepy feeling this stranger gave them when he shook their hands and smiled in a sort of set manner that gave them an impression of menace, rather than pleasure. And then—there was George Raft's "shadow," known simply as Sammy Finn.

Seen Everywhere With George

IF Raft lacked anything of "mysterious" menace, it was made up for by Sammy Finn. Sammy appeared, so far as the Hollywoodites could recall, about the same time Raft first hit the public fancy and the eye of studio favor. Like Raft, he just appeared, apparently from nowhere in particular. A pale, thin, tight-lipped and close-mouthed little fellow is Sammy Finn; and he wears his clothes as snappily as does Jimmy Walker, ex-mayor of New

York. Sammy and George are two of a kind, in that respect.

At first, Hollywood did not notice Sammy. And then it was discovered that Raft was never seen anywhere without the shadow of Sammy Finn somewhere in the immediate background. When Raft went to the studio, Sammy was with him. Sammy sat on the set when Raft was working. He ate at the Brown Derby when Raft ate there—although most of the time Sammy was sitting alone at another table nearby. When Raft danced at one of the fun parlors, Sammy would be seen dancing, too.

A whisper started it—and overnight the Hollywood grapevine telegraph had passed the word that this man, Sammy Finn, was none other than one of gangland's deadliest "killers." He was

(Continued on page 66)

By HAL HALL

MOST OF ALL ...THROUGH THE SUMMER MONTHS

Every skin must beware of Dryness



● EVEN BIG FLOPPY HATS CAN'T PROTECT THE SKIN. BUT A NEW ELEMENT IN WOODBURY'S COLD CREAM—KEEPS IT LUSCIOUS, SOFT, THE SUMMER THROUGH

ANYONE can begin the summer looking like a fresh-plucked water lily! But when August arrives what have you? A skin that crackles with dryness like an ancient Chinese parchment? Or a texture that's still adorably fresh, soft, and smooth?

Unless the oil glands are kept highly active, August will find the loveliest complexion—brunette or blonde—coarse, rough, dry! It all depends upon choosing the *right way* to help Nature resist the sun!

For this, Woodbury's excellent Cold Cream now offers more than the aid of a mere beauty cream! Woodbury scientists have recently injected into this Cold Cream a new Element, 576, which definitely and actively combats dryness.

Element 576, never before incorporated in any face cream, is similar in essence to the vitamin principle in foods which bring the body energy, vitality. Now, Woodbury's Cold Cream with the new Element 576, arouses the skin to greater activity. And so, the little oil glands that lie just beneath the skin, secrete more actively the oil that alone keeps the surface fresh and supple, secure against the harmful thieving of the sun!

Use Woodbury's Cold Cream this summer and your skin will go through June, July and August fresh, supple, soft, and smooth. The cream is 50c in jars, 25c in tubes.

Follow this simple ritual during summer months

Upon rising in the morning dash your face with the coldest water you can get! A sea plunge, if you're lucky enough to be a salt!

Before you go out into the sun give your face, arms and shoulders a brisk once-over with Woodbury's Cold Cream. Let it stay on ten or fifteen minutes. Wipe off. Follow with a

thin film of Woodbury's Facial Cream. Now powder, but lightly, please!

Upon returning to the house, dash for the Woodbury's Cold Cream jar again. Slush the Cream on generously. Leave it till the bell for luncheon sounds. Wipe it off and be brave!—go to lunch without powdering. Let the Cold Cream work down deep into the pores.

If you go out into the sun again repeat the same sequence—Cold Cream first, then a very little Facial Cream and Powder.

Upon retiring, a warm bath with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rinse with cold water. Massage with Woodbury's Cold Cream. Leave on all the Cream that hasn't been absorbed. Sleep the sleep of the conscience-clear, for you've done the right thing by your skin!



FREE SAMPLE Send coupon for tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream free—enough for several treatments. Or send 10 cents (to partly cover cost of mailing) and receive charming Loveliness Kit, containing samples of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams, new Facial Powder and Facial Soap. John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6331 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

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TUNE IN on Woodbury's new radio program over station WEAF and N. B. C. network every Wednesday evening at 8:30 Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

"I followed
Marian Nixon's
advice—



Recent portrait of
MARIAN NIXON,
fascinating screen star.
Read how
this lovely star's advice
brought happiness to
Miss Autumn Sims,
of Cincinnati



3 "So I started right away to
use Lux Toilet Soap regularly,
as Marian Nixon says she does.
Then I watched my skin very
carefully . . ."

and
Now—



1 "I'm certainly glad I followed Marian Nixon's advice," says Miss Autumn Sims of Cincinnati. "A few years ago men seemed to *like* me well enough, but something was lacking, and I couldn't help knowing it. When it came to dates and flowers some other girl was likely to win out."



2 "Marian Nixon was my favorite star. I've always thought her adorable. One night it occurred to me that following her complexion advice might make me more attractive."

Stop being satisfied with a complexion that isn't truly exquisite. Have the kind of skin that wins. It doesn't take much time or money. I use the simplest care in the world because I've found it the very best care. I use regularly gentle, white Lux Toilet Soap. It protects my skin perfectly - keeps it always smooth and soft.

Marian Nixon



4 "I knew the trick was turned when men began to pay me the kind of attention I'd always longed for. I realized for the first time what a tremendous difference lovely skin makes. Do you wonder I'm grateful to Marian Nixon?"



Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including allstars, actually 686 use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap. It has been made the official soap in all the large film studios. Let it beautify *your* skin!



New Beauty Secret ...changed her whole Appearance!

NICE. From a fine family. Yet men were puzzled by the appearance of her lips. *So artificial...so conspicuous.* Reason enough why she switched to a lipstick that flatters the lips with rich, natural color... banishing that painted look!

Lips naturally rose-colored!

The trouble is, you never suspect yourself of a cheap appearance. Yet any ordinary lipstick hardens your mouth with a painted look. Tangee, however, *cannot make your lips look painted!*

Tangee isn't paint. It's different. In the stick, Tangee is orange. Does that mean orange lips, you say? Absolutely no! Put it on. Watch it change color instantly to the one shade of blush rose perfect for you!

Use Tangee—for alluring lips...fresh with natural color the whole day through! Sold at drug stores and cosmetic counters. See special triple offer below.

Tangee Creme Rouge

Use Tangee Creme Rouge for perfect summer make-up! Cheeks glow all day with natural looking color... even in swimming. For Tangee is waterproof. Greaseless... cannot clog pores. Its vanishing cream base protects your skin.

New!
SMALL SIZE 39¢
TANGEE LIPSTICK

TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ SPECIAL 10c OFFER!

The George W. Luft Co., Inc. MP 7
417 Fifth Ave., New York

Rush Tangee Miracle Make-up Set containing miniature Lipstick, Rouge Compact and Creme Rouge. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Clark, George and Gary— How do they rate with Men?

(Continued from page 31)

have ever heard him use a profane expression. And men are supposed to go for drinking and cussing and general hell-raising in other men, you know. George doesn't like any form of athletics, he likes to sleep late in the mornings, and I've heard objections about his choice of colors in clothes—yet he's one of the most all-around likable guys I've met in this town.

"He has a great sense of humor and an adaptable social instinct, if you know what I mean. George never tries to 'run' his friends. If you want to go to the fights, all right—that's okay with him. If a show is in order, that's jake, too. Or he is willing just to sit around and talk. In other words, he is an agreeable guy to be around. He is generous, too. And I think the men who know him like his attitude about the break he has had in pictures."

But Spencer Tracy explained that angle of George more graphically. Spencer had made "Quick Millions" with George, whose first picture it was. Some time elapsed before they met again—in a corner drugstore in Hollywood. In the meantime, the Raft stock had soared considerably. Tracy saw Raft when he entered the store, but did not immediately speak to him. "Spence" says he has had enough experience with "overnight successes" in this town and has seen what it has done to certain heads.

Raft, who knew Tracy had seen him and had not spoken, walked back to where he was standing and demanded: "Say, what's the idea of not speaking to me?"

Tracy said: "Well, I didn't know about the size of your hatband since I saw you last."

"Listen," replied Raft, "if you ever notice any signs of my head swelling over this crazy fluke of luck that has happened to me, do me a favor, will you? Just knock it off!"

Men who do not know George may not like his shirts—but there are plenty of his pals who are wearing them!

Who Calls Him "Mr. Gable"?

I HAVE never heard a man say he did not like Clark Gable. He may be the king of Great Lovers to the women, but he is also Hollywood's most doughty and popular he-man!

Other actors like Clark. As for the electricians, props, and camera crews on his pictures—well, he is just "Gable," the guy who plays ball with them during noon hours, or lies on his back under the shade of a tree with his hat tipped over his face, talking politics, or guns or duck-hunting. Only the newest of newcomers on the M-G-M lot call him "Mr. Gable." He is merely "Gable" or "Clark," even to the youthful call-boys, whose job it is to run messages from one department to another.

He may make his living by playing love scenes with beautiful women stars, but his interest between scenes is in the dope on the latest prize-fight, or weather conditions in the Northern part of the state, where he hunts. He may be a high-salaried sex-appeal attraction to women audiences, but to men he is as comfortable to know as an old shoe. Nor is there any patronage in the brand of friendship Clark displays to his fellow-workers. His friendliness is in no way to be confused with "a good business move" or a "play" for popularity. Clark has a temper and he knows a few choice cuss words, which he is not averse to using on the proper occasions. Men sense sincerity in Clark Gable—a real interest and liking for the things that are men's things.

His most intimate Hollywood friends are Wallace Beery, Howard Strickling (of the M-G-M publicity department), Dr. Franklin Thorpe, husband of Mary Astor, and Charles MacArthur, husband of Helen Hayes. Association with these men practically comprises his social life in Hollywood; they are the most frequent diners at his home. Mrs. Gable has a far wider social acquaintanceship in Hollywood, and the Gable presence at the large, formal entertainments is usually due to his wife's desire that he attend with her. Mrs. Gable says that Clark's closest pal is the old cowboy who goes on his hunting and fishing expeditions with him. On as many week-ends as his work permits, Clark treks off for a visit to "the old man."

Why He Gave Up Polo

NOT so long ago, the virile Mr. Gable took up the fashionable game of polo—and just as suddenly as he had acquired two polo ponies, he gave up the game! There was some talk that the studio had forbidden Clark to risk his valuable neck in this dangerous sport. But Clark, himself, gave the real reason when he remarked: "I felt so damned silly on the backs of those little ponies. I felt as if I should be carrying them..."

Just about the time that Clark was beginning to click as a sensation on the screen, he worked in a picture with Richard Barthelmess called "The Finger Points." Regis Toomey was also in the cast. "We used to kid Clark about being the sensational 'Great Lover,'" laughs Regis, "and believe it or not, but he used to blush to the roots of his hair. I think he was actually impressed at working with what he termed a 'big' star like Barthelmess. He may have been the sensational 'comer' of the moment, but he didn't seem to know it. You can't help liking a guy like that."

Clark's almost painful modesty is one of the highlights of his charm to other men. When he went visiting on the Paramount lot to make "No Man of Her Own" with Carole Lombard, he usually ate his luncheons up at the counter with the technicians because he didn't know the "people" who were eating at the more exclusive tables.

One noontime Richard Arlen sidled up to a seat beside him and introduced himself. They shook hands and took a good look at one another. "You needn't be looking at my ears!" Mr. Gable remarked sociably. "You've got a funny-looking face, yourself!" This frankly humorous statement was the beginning of an Arlen enthusiasm for Clark that is almost boring to hear.

As I mentioned before, I have never heard a man say he did not like Clark Gable. As a "man's man," he just isn't open to argument!

Gary isn't married and is, therefore, a potential rival, romantically speaking, of every other eligible bachelor in Hollywood. George, though often rumored a husband, denies emphatically that he has ever given up his freedom—which makes him a possible romantic rival, also. Clark is wed, as everyone knows—a fact which, some might argue, helps other men to look upon him as a potential pal. But any psychologist would probably tell you that all three of them are liked by men—if for no other reason than a sneaking admiration for the way they impress the female of the species, whether beautiful or brainy, rich or poor. What man wouldn't like to do likewise?



**MONDAY.. TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY.....**

Doomsday!

IS "CALENDAR FEAR" UNDERMINING YOUR HEALTH?

With maddening slowness time drags on! . . . And woman waits! . . . Waits and worries over her upset health.

Seldom does she know that FEAR itself . . . FEAR of an imaginary crisis is the very thing that throws her delicate feminine mechanism out of gear . . . Seldom does she realize that this health-stealing FEAR is the direct outcome of either timid ignorance or gross neglect of proper marriage hygiene.

She has failed to follow that correct method of feminine antisepsis as endorsed for over 40 years by leading doctors, clinics, hospitals and gynecologists.

They have freely recommended the regular and continual use of "Lysol" for feminine health, daintiness, and mental poise.

The "Lysol" method is so simple and easy to follow . . . The result so refreshing and agreeable . . . so safe and effective.

In sharp contrast to certain chlorine-type antiseptics, "Lysol" contains no free caustic alkali to inflame, sear and toughen tender tissues . . . And unlike these chlorine compounds, which lose 95% of their effectiveness in the presence of organic matter, "Lysol" retains its power to destroy germ-life.

Don't be caught again in the grip of "CALENDAR FEAR" . . . Practice intimate feminine cleanliness. Use "Lysol." Your druggist has it. Your doctor recommends it . . . One thing more, write for a copy of the new, *free* "Lysol" booklet, "Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage." You will welcome its trustworthy advice. Please use the coupon.

WRITTEN BY WOMEN FOR WOMEN

A brand new book on woman's oldest problem . . . Frank and fearless . . . Contains three leading articles by world-famous women physicians . . . Send today for "Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage."

"Lysol" is economical . . . a treatment costs less than one cent. "Lysol" is safe . . . it contains no free caustic alkali. "Lysol" is effective . . . it destroys hidden germ-life. "Lysol" has enjoyed the full confidence of the medical profession for over 40 years.



Lysol
Disinfectant

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Sole distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me free, postpaid, a copy of your new booklet, "Marriage Hygiene," with articles by three internationally famous women physicians.

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FOR "CLOSE-UPS"



Trust Vicks Mouth-wash
...and save 40¢ a bottle
(a 75¢ value for 35¢)

WHAT a clean, tingling taste Vicks Antiseptic leaves in your mouth! You just *know* you can trust it!

Besides, it's made by the makers of Vicks VapoRub; it had to be *extra* good to carry the Vicks name.

It actually *exceeds* accepted standards of antiseptic strength. You can depend on it...full-strength or diluted.

Yet Vicks Antiseptic costs you only *half* the price of other quality antiseptics...the big 10-ounce bottle...a 75c value...for only 35c. You save 40c.

The real *proof* of the quality of Vicks Antiseptic is actual use. Try it for a week. If not delighted, return what's left to your druggist and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

BAD BREATH (*Halitosis*)

GARGLE *Sore Throat, etc.*

MOUTH-WASH . *After Smoking, etc.*

ANTISEPTIC LOTION . . *Dandruff, After Shaving, Minor Cuts, etc.*



By the makers of VAPORUB

Claudette Colbert Tells How to be Beautiful in Spite of Your Face

(Continued from page 17)

"In the first place, I inherited the worst features of both sides of my family. When I was born, my father looked at me and said, 'She looks as if she might have nice eyes sometime, but what a terrible oven she has for a mouth!' He was a Frenchman, you see, and his ideal of womanly beauty required a small mouth. Mine was enormous.

Had No Craving for Beauty

WHEN I grew a little older, my nose began to grow out of all proportion. And just to aid matters, I used to poke pebbles into it. I must have been a terrible child, because when my mother would try to stop me, she would say, 'Claudette, don't you *want* to be pretty when you grow up?' I would make a very naughty face at her and reply, 'No! I don't!'

"I certainly got my wish. When I grew up, I wasn't in the least pretty. The final touch to this face of mine was added when it was run over by a truck! That sort of thing is not good for any face, but what it did to mine was perfectly terrible."

In the early days of Claudette's stage career, pictures were still silent and beauty was more important than any ability to act. Claudette was convinced that she had better stick to the stage.

"In the theatre," she explains, "you can make almost any old face do. In the first place, the stage is not nearly so intimate as the screen—you don't have those intimate close-ups! Then you can do so much with color—with lipstick, eye-shadow, rouge, the right shade of powder. You can make almost any face look pretty over the foot-lights. For that matter, you can do a lot to improve a face off the stage with the proper use of color.

"But in pictures, where you are seen in mere black and white, you need pure lines, symmetry, real beauty of structure. And look at me. My eyes are too far apart, my nose is all wrong, my cheek-bones are too high and my chin is too pointed for any sort of proportion. Imagine a face with that many things wrong with it!

Why She Avoided Silent Films

I MADE one silent picture a long, long time ago in New York and when I saw that, I *knew* that I was right about pictures! They were certainly not for me. So—mostly in self-defense—I grew very arty about them. I said all those things about how pictures were stupid and the stage was the only medium for a true artist—you know all that applesauce! The real reason was, of course, my face.

"Later on, after talking pictures came in, it became apparent that pure beauty which would transmit in black and white was not so important as it had been before. I made a couple of pictures then. It began to seem as if a good performance would almost make up for a funny nose.

"I knew nothing of screen make-up. Nothing of camera angles. Nothing of that intricate and subtle technique of the camera, which can sometimes create loveliness where loveliness may not actually exist.

"You can't fool the camera about your figure. Mine, thank goodness, is all right. At least, I don't mind the shape of it, although I should like to have a little more of it. I am constantly trying to gain weight—fill out that shape just a bit here and there.

"But from the neck up, I am still one problem after another. My eyes are the only things about my face that could possibly be called good. They are large and

dark enough to photograph well. I had the theory that more make-up—to make them still larger and emphasize my only assets—was the right thing. The consequence of that was that I looked all eyes and the upper part of my face completely overshadowed the lower part. I dared not use enough make-up on my mouth to balance that—so I finally reached the conclusion that I must stop making up my eyes at all.

"I learned, after a great deal of drilling by clever photographers, to keep my head up. If I lower my chin, the lower half of my face simply disappears!

"There are any number of small, technical things like that which will help on the screen. And then, the screen has changed so. It isn't necessary any more to be lovely all the time. Remember how the ladies of the silent screen used to cry—so beautifully—with glycerin tears rolling down their lovely cheeks? Well, people don't do those things any more. If you are going to cry in a scene, you wrinkle up your face and look as much like a person crying as you can. And that certainly is not looking beautiful!"

Let me add, just here, that Claudette is really a very lovely thing to see off the screen, as well as on. Her reputation for beauty would hold if you were to meet her face to face. The defects which she recognizes and points out so ruthlessly aren't, somehow, apparent to the naked eye. I think it was Willy Pogany who said that the defects in any person's face were generally the most interesting and attractive things about him. Perhaps it is Claudette's "defects" that make her so piquant!

Has Tried to Stay Individual

SHE says, "I have never tried to imitate anyone—in mannerisms, in dress or in make-up. Recognizing, I hope, my limitations and trying to do all I could to minimize them, I have still tried to keep everything that is individual about *me*.

"Garbo is not, perhaps, a beautiful woman. But she can enter a room, with her long slow stride, and give an illusion of beauty and glamour—a something that stirs imaginations and emotions. If I tried to do that, I should be simply ridiculous.

"Helen Hayes is an almost plain little woman. Yet, when a rôle calls for it, she can give an impression of radiant beauty.

"Ruth Chatterton can give the impression of great beauty and dignity—although she is small and her features are not perfect.

"There have been women—many of them—who were not actresses at all, but have gained reputations for beauty that they did not deserve if you analyzed their features—if you had studied them as we must study ours for the screen. They *behaved* like beautiful women. They thought that way and—most of all—they *felt* like beautiful women.

"Those women are fundamentally 'show-men' and actresses. They make the most of what physical attributes they have—certainly. That is mere common sense. Then they become, in their minds somehow, lovely creatures. They stir your imagination and create the illusion of beauty. They are usually more sensational than women whose features are perfect.

"That is all there is to it, so far as I know. If you aren't naturally lovely—then try to create an illusion of loveliness.

"I have tried deliberately and earnestly to do that—naturally. Any actress must. When people say that I have, I love it. But I still think it is amusing—with a face that has been run over by a truck!"

"I keep my lingerie lovely looking with LUX"

says *Wynne Gibson*

"No fastidious woman would think of wearing underthings a second day. It's so easy to Lux them, and Lux keeps colors and materials so exquisite! I also insist that my maid wash all sweaters and washable dresses in Lux. It's so economical that any girl can keep her things lovely the Hollywood way."

WYNNE GIBSON
Paramount Star appearing in
"The Crime of the Century"

Why don't *you* follow this thrifty Hollywood rule

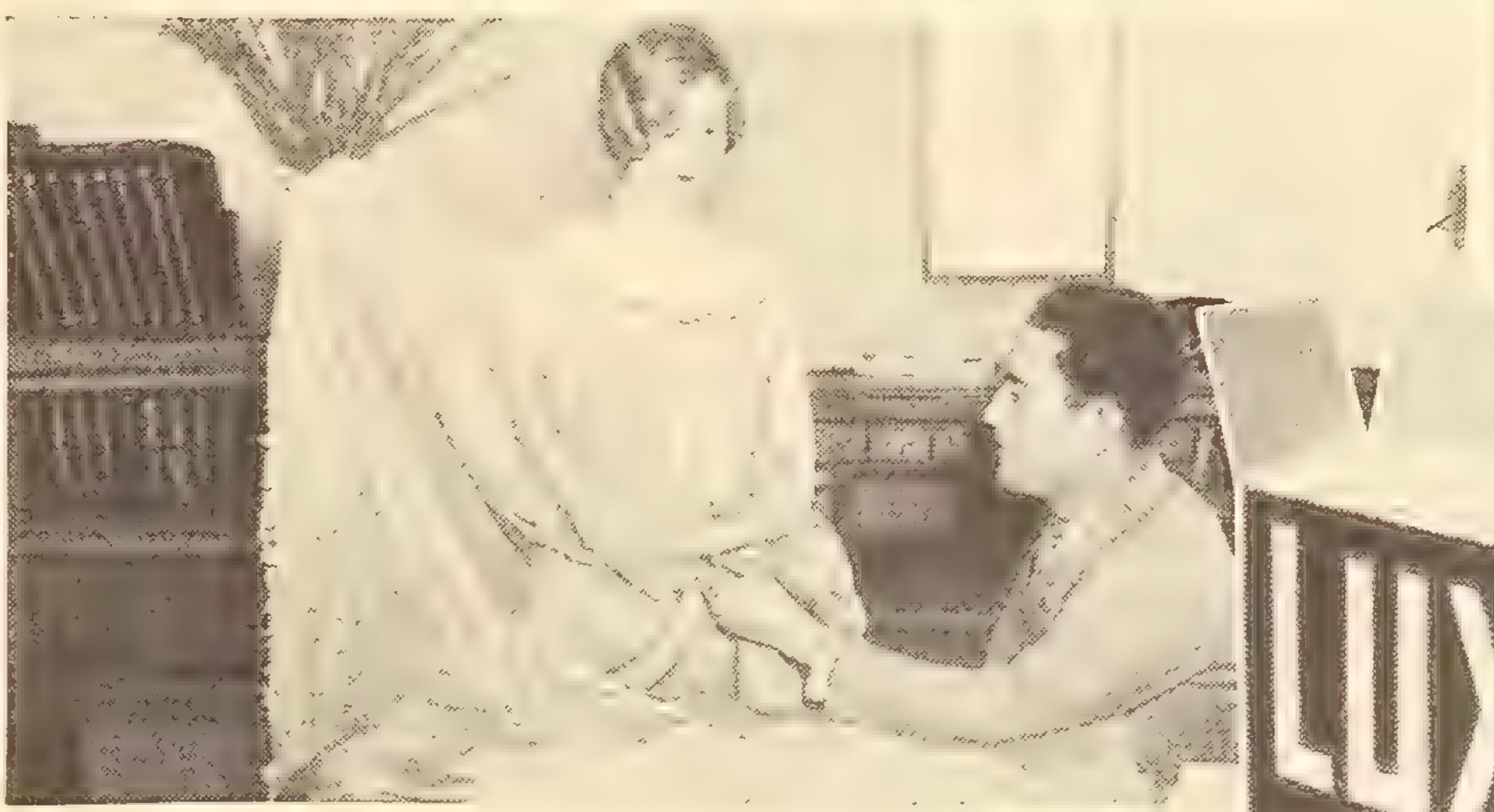
Everywhere girls follow the method lovely Wynne Gibson uses to keep lingerie exquisite looking...daily washing with Lux.

These gentle suds whisk away perspiration odor, yet protect color—keep fabrics looking like new. Avoid ordinary soaps—they often contain harmful alkali. Never rub with cake soap—it weakens silk. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

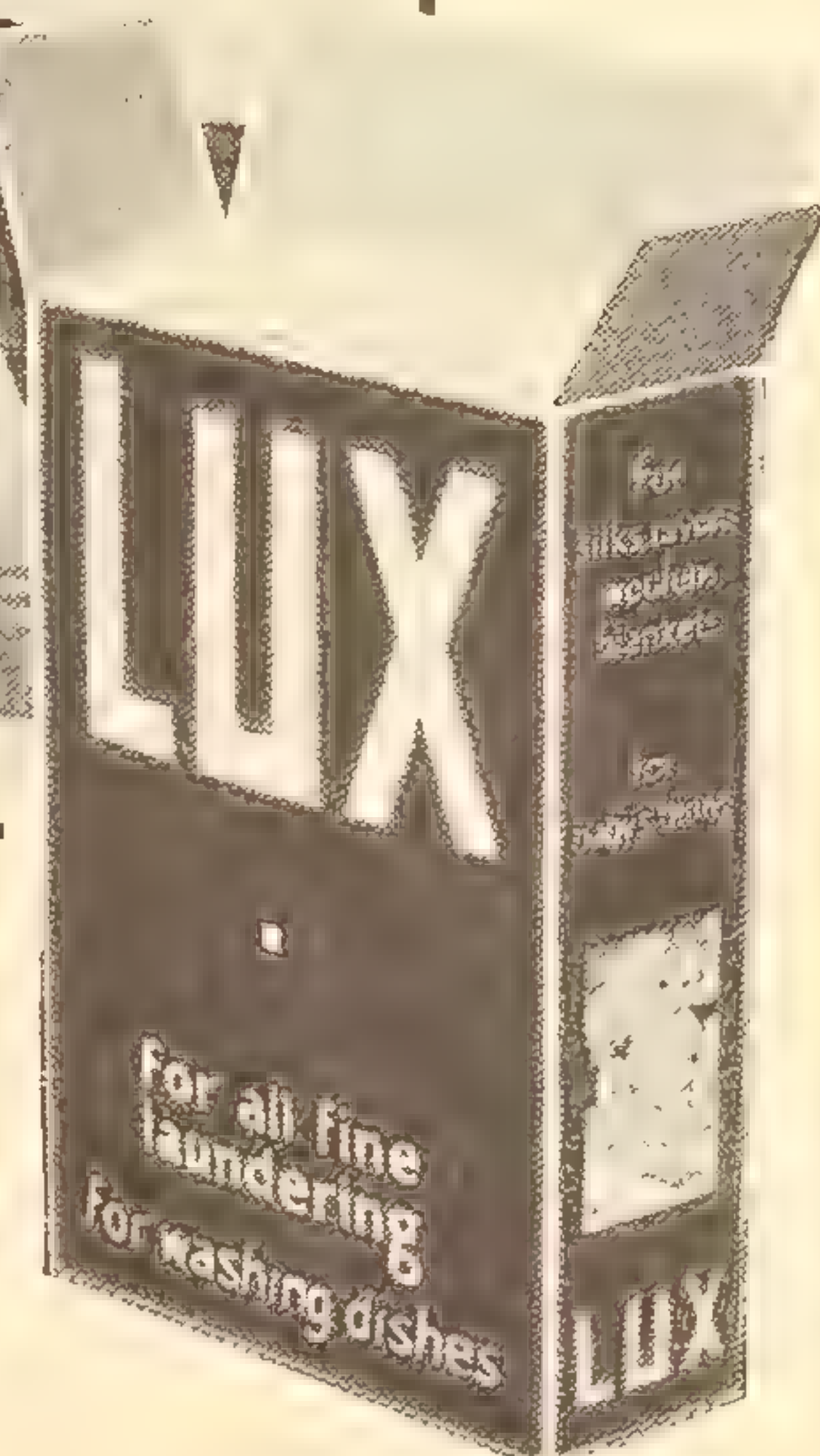
Official in all the big studios...

Frank C. Richardson (right), Wardrobe Director of the Paramount Studio, says:

"Costumes represent a big investment that must be safeguarded. That's why Paramount specifies that all washable costumes be cared for with Lux. It protects the colors and materials . . . keeps them new longer . . . and saves money."



Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck
— **TRUST TO LUX**





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The coupon below will bring you free (in a plain envelope) an interesting, confidential booklet on the relationship between love, pleasant scents and disagreeable odors. Mail the coupon today. Marion Lambert, Inc., St. Louis • Toronto.
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Beauty Is Cheap in Hollywood!

(Continued from page 21)

Of all the "Gorgeous Goldwyn Girls," only thirty-nine have been given studio contracts at one time or another. And what's a contract? Barbara Weeks and Ruth Hall are the only two who are still playing leads, and they're a bit lost in the Hollywood shuffle. Virginia Bruce, one of the beauties from "Whoopie," has become famous, but not so much because of her screen successes, as because *she* married John Gilbert.

Two of the music-and-girl pictures recently completed are "Melody Cruise" and "Gold-Diggers of 1933." Both are garnished with a super-abundance of hand-picked feminine charm. One thousand girls applied for chorus work in the former; the latter drew the staggering total of four thousand applications. Needless to say, the girls who were finally selected *had* to be beautiful.

How Beauties Are Rated

RADIO PICTURES, the producers of "Melody Cruise," rate beauties as a farmer rates his apples. They are graded either "A," "AA," "AAA" or "AAAA." Of the one thousand applicants, twenty were given four "A's"—in other words, were adjudged "perfectly" beautiful. Twenty more were awarded three "A's" only, because they lacked voice training. The forty selected certainly represent the cream of Hollywood's beauty crop—and they were all glad to work for forty dollars a week. Let me introduce you to some of these girls:

Meet Vee Allen, winner over ten thousand other entrants in a "Perfect Face" contest. She is a natural blonde, blue-eyed, and the owner of a very attractive personality. She has been in pictures for three years, has never made more than seventy-five dollars a week, has not averaged ten days' work a month, and remains in Hollywood only because of her very sincere ambition to become a dramatic actress some day.

Kay Gordon came to the screen three years ago from the stage, equipped with dark brown hair, hazel eyes and an exquisite figure—not to mention considerable experience. She has played a few "bits," danced in a number of musical pictures, and hopes to become a famous singer.

Irene Thompson, a vivid brunette, was once a "stand-in" for Mary Astor, whom she closely resembles. She says her salary averages seventy-five dollars a week—when she works.

Jean Castle is an ex-secretary from Brooklyn, New York. She has studied under Nance O'Neil and is determined to be a dramatic actress. She is remarkably beautiful—but she has been unable to sell her beauty to the screen for more than forty dollars a week.

Elinor Kingston began her career as a dancer. She has been in Hollywood for more than three years, playing "extra" and doing small "bits." Her average salary is forty dollars.

Salary Doubled by Experience

ALICE DAHL is a screen veteran of four years' experience and has played a number of featured rôles. She has joined the beauty parade because of the current scarcity of work, and, thanks to her experience and trained voice, is able to command nearly twice as much money as her fellow-chorines.

Jean Carmen, a striking blonde, is also in the "big money." She makes as much as seventy-five dollars a week and works with fair regularity—but, ironically, her beauty has little or nothing to do with the demand for her services. She is a "stunt-woman,"

ready and willing to take the risks for Hollywood's high-salaried stars.

All of these truly beautiful girls frankly admit that they have earned only the most meager of livings from the screen. They earn as much or more than a good stenographer *when they work*, but they are idle at least half of the time. And they are the cream of the crop! "Four A" beauties!

Warner Brothers, having gone in for filmusicals in a "big way," have given contracts to several exceptionally beautiful girls. But they are paying their fair contractees only about forty dollars a week and are using them as "showgirls" to augment the chorus. The rest of the chorines, especially the trained specialty dancers, are hired by the week or day and earn from thirty to fifty dollars per week. Jayne Shattuck, Maxine Cantway, Lorena Layson, Lynn Browning and Loretta Andrews are the lucky ones who hold contracts—lucky because the studio executives watch them closely and pray that at least one of them will develop eventually into a box-office attraction.

All this while, we have been discussing chorus girls, most of whom are trained dancers. They have more than beauty to offer. How about the girls who lack that training?

The "Extras" Who Get the Jobs

DAVE ALLEN, director-in-chief of the Central Casting Bureau, says very frankly that beauty is just about the last quality which he considers in an applicant for "extra" work. And "extra work" is all that unknown newcomers can ever hope to get.

"Ten thousand girls are registered with Central Casting," he tells me. "The ones who work the most are those who can 'wear clothes' and whose wardrobe includes an outfit for every occasion. Almost every girl who comes here to register insists upon talking about her beauty and her ability to act. We're not interested. If she has a complete wardrobe and is the stately type, we can usually find her a few days' work each month—maybe one or two days' work a week. We list such girls as 'dress extras.'"

"We have found that the ingénue type is not suitable for 'extra' work. Wistfulness and cuteness are lost in the background of a scene—and 'extras' are pictorial background, nothing more. Janet Gaynor, Sally Eilers, Marian Nixon and Frances Dee were not particularly successful 'extras' . . ."

And it is interesting to pause right here and list the girls who have risen from the "extra" ranks during the seventeen years of Dave Allen's experience. In addition to the four mentioned above, they are: Nora Lane, Gwen Lee, Sharon Lynn, Doris Hill, Nancy Dover, Marjorie Beebe, Helen Foster, Raquel Torres, Jeanette Loff, Alice White, Alice Terry, Edwina Booth, Claire Windsor, Irene Rich, Sue Carol, Zasu Pitts, Jean Harlow, Karen Morley, Florence Britton, Lita Chevret, Phyllis Crane and Lucille Powers. Considering the tens of thousands who have registered during those seventeen years, the list is certainly not overwhelming. And please note, not many of the successful ones are noted for their beauty.

The Chances of Beauties' Success

"HOW much is beauty worth in Hollywood?" Dave Allen pondered the question. "Why, from our standpoint, I should say it's just about worthless. Many really beautiful girls are registered with us—some of them, I suppose, could be

classed with the most beautiful in the world. But of the ten thousand girls registered, only sixty-nine averaged as much as two days' work a week last year. And at least fifty of the sixty-nine were not beauties."

Cecil B. De Mille—and you'll have to admit that he has had a world of experience—brutally discounts the chances of the ultra-beautiful girl in Hollywood. He says:

"Beauty is an excellent calling card—nothing more. I've given several beautiful girls a chance, but of them all, only one—Alice Terry—became a star. Personality and ability are far more important than beauty. Personal neatness, refinement and self-control are prime assets. Beautiful eyes (there you have a concession) and a beautiful speaking voice are vital necessities.

"Almost every great feminine star has succeeded in spite of—or perhaps partly because of—some noticeable defect of face or form. Please understand, I do not depreciate beauty. If accompanied by personality, culture, poise and ability, it is a great asset. But without those companion qualities, it is not valuable enough to pay its owner a decent living in Hollywood.

Why More Don't Succeed

"FEW great beauties have appealing voices—a fact for which I have never been able to account. But it *is* a fact. Most of them have what I call the 'een yah' voice. Perhaps their trouble lies in their willingness to conclude that their beauty, alone, is sufficient to give them the victory. An intelligent girl should not be content with her good points. She should also develop her weak points—and by so doing, she will automatically develop her personality."

Ben Piazza, veteran casting director of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, contented himself with a very brief expression, to wit: "Beauty is a valuable asset if it belongs to a girl who has intelligence enough to avoid depending on it. Otherwise, it's not worth talking about. The day when a girl could succeed in pictures merely because of her beauty is ancient history."

And there you are—but I'll bet you won't believe it. It's easier to rob a lioness of her cubs than it is to convince the average beauty that her enchanting face is not an "Open Sesame" to the treasure trove of Hollywood.

Haven't I tried to convince several beauty-contest winners that they should go home and marry that nice neighbor boy instead of fruitlessly beating their wings against the incandescent lamp of film fame? And aren't they still here, working one day and worrying six?

Didn't one of them leave her successful, Middle-Western husband to become a "screen star"? And, after three years of effort, isn't her nearest approach to stardom a place in the chorus of a recent musical film and her unidentified picture, clad in a pair of lace unmentionables, on some of the billboards? And wasn't she selected as one of the thirteen most beautiful "extras" in Hollywood?

And—wouldn't she like to return to that deserted husband? Probably not—for beauties are strangely persistent!

Did You Know That--

Universal is now proving that talent, rather than "looks," is what the movies want by starting a summer "talent school"—recruiting fifty students from West Coast high schools and colleges, where they have already studied the rudiments of acting?

Olive Oil

makes your skin alluring

... and makes Palmolive green

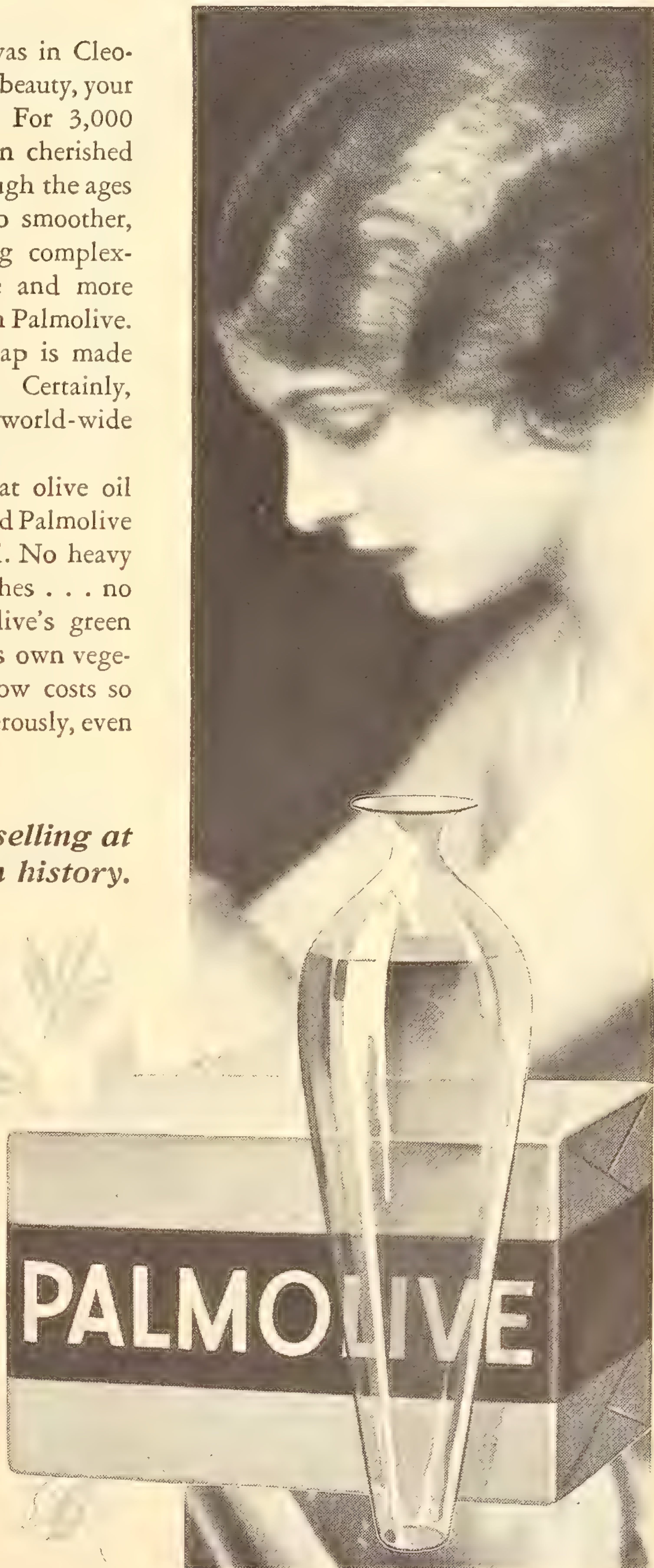
AS true today as it was in Cleopatra's time—"for beauty, your skin needs olive oil." For 3,000 years, olive oil has been cherished for skin beauty... through the ages the unfailing answer to smoother, lovelier, more charming complexions. That's why more and more women every day cherish Palmolive. For this olive-green soap is made of precious olive oil. Certainly, Palmolive deserves its world-wide enduring success.

Everybody knows that olive oil makes skin alluring—and Palmolive is abundant in olive oil. No heavy perfumes... no bleaches... no artificial colors. Palmolive's green is the green of Nature's own vegetable oils. Palmolive now costs so little, you can use it generously, even in your beauty baths.

Palmolive is now selling at the lowest price in history.

This much olive oil goes into every cake

Faithfully shown by the size of this container is the abundant quantity of olive oil that goes into every cake of Palmolive. That's why 20,000 beauty experts recommend Palmolive, including Vincent, of Philadelphia's Benjamin Franklin Hotel, who says: "Since all this olive oil goes into every cake... naturally I prefer Palmolive."

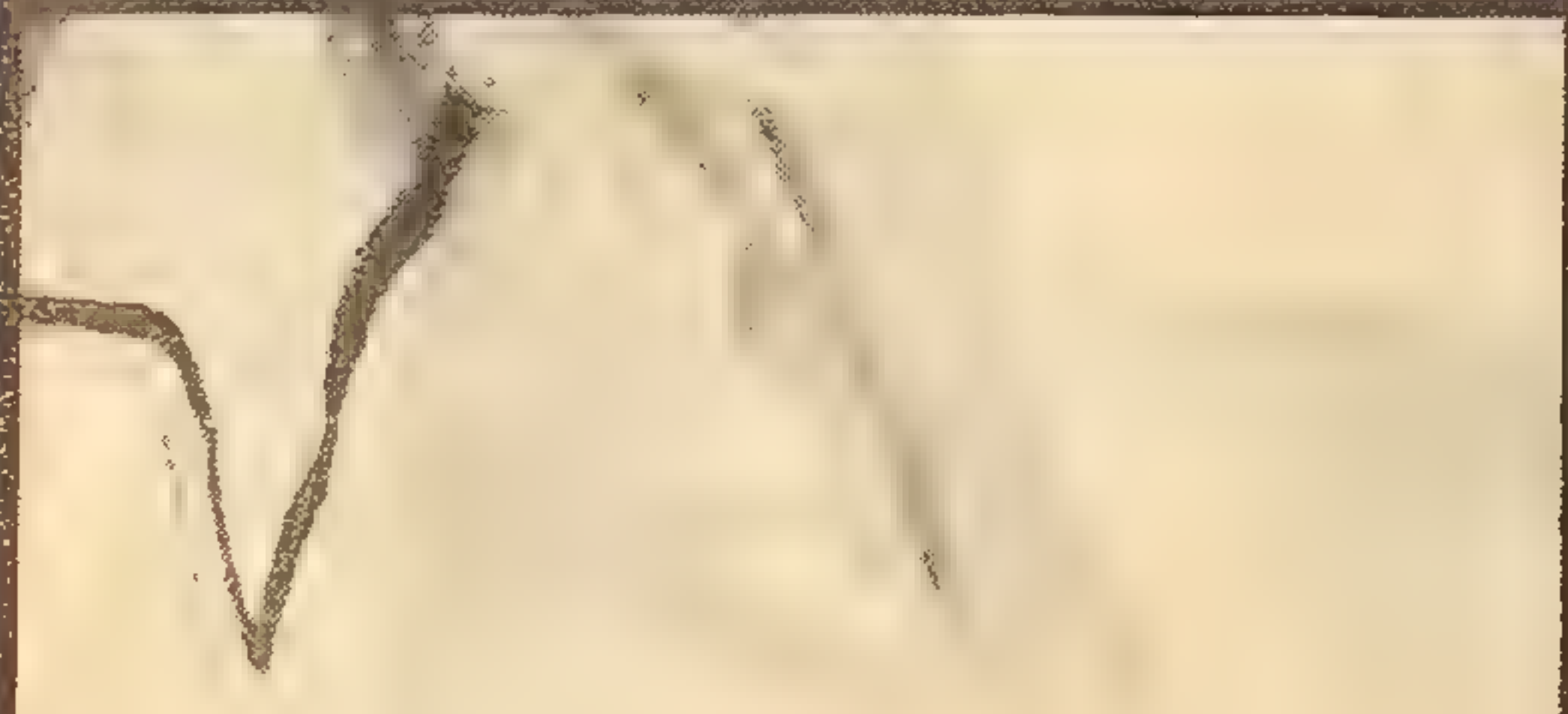


Pain Stops Instantly!

CORNS

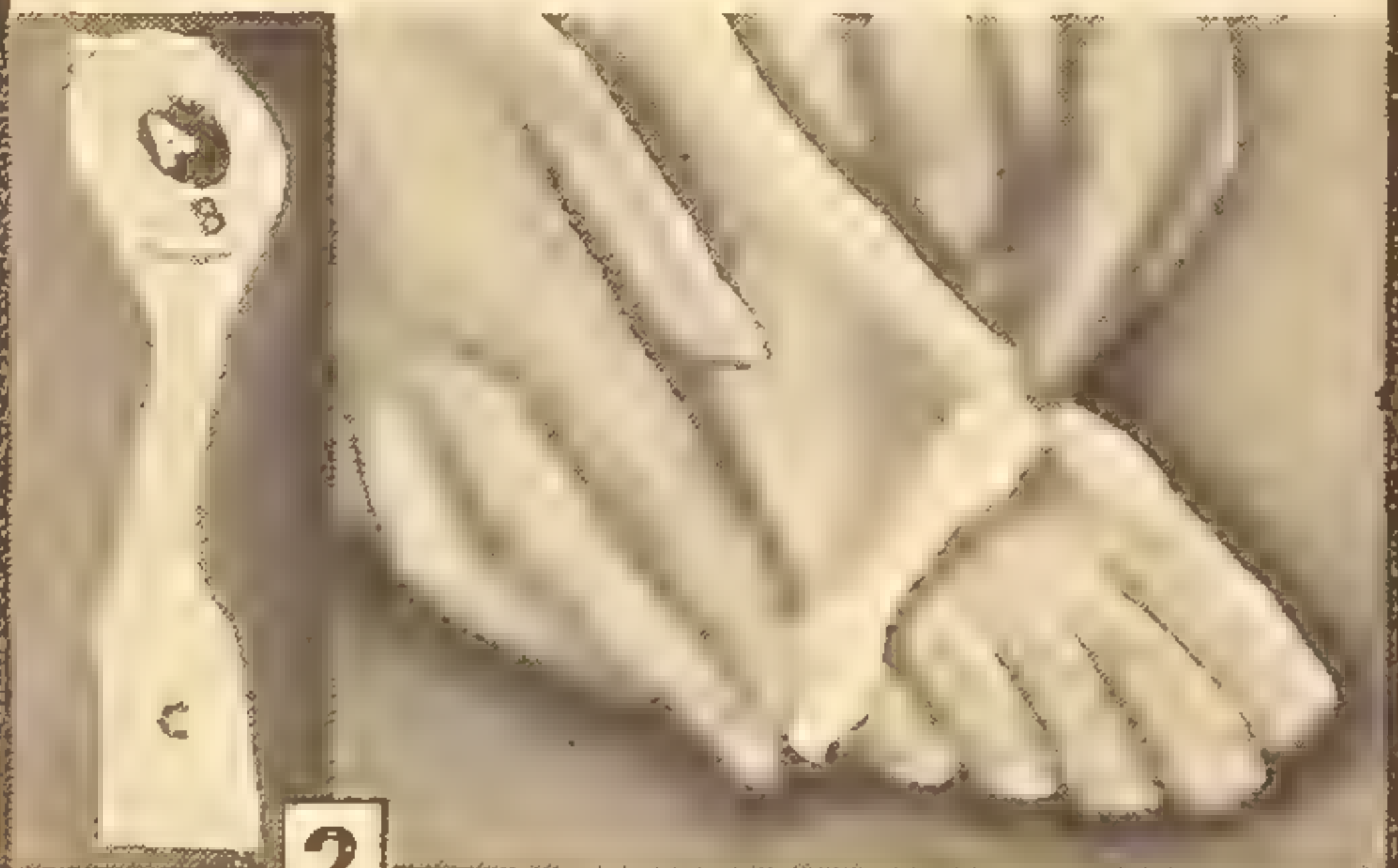
Gone in 3 days

THIS SAFE, SCIENTIFIC WAY



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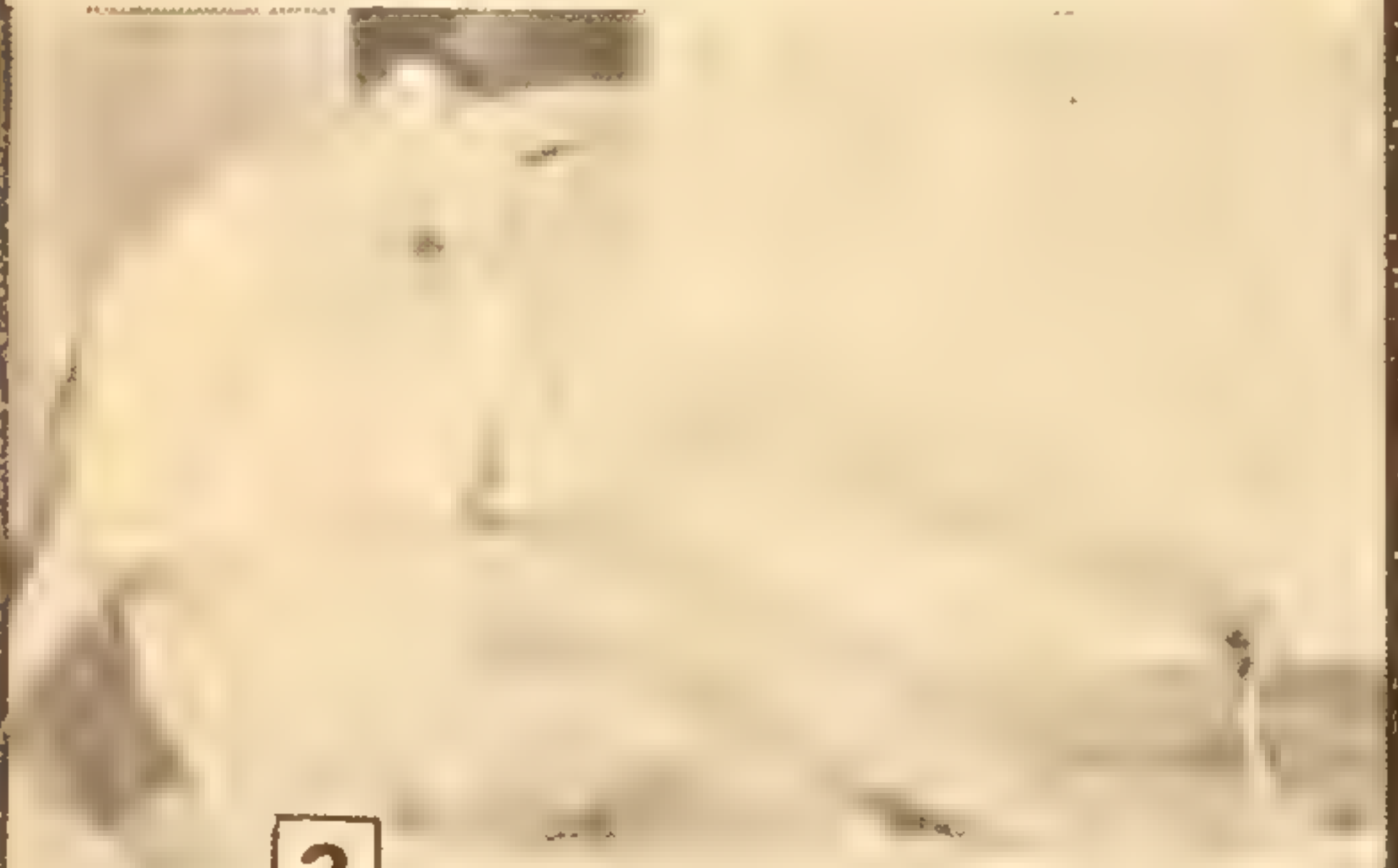
SOAK THE FOOT for ten minutes in hot water, then wipe it dry.



2

APPLY BLUE-JAY, centering pad directly over the corn.

HOW BLUE-JAY WORKS: **A** is the mild medication that gently undermines the corn. **B** is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops pain at once. **C** is the adhesive strip that holds pad in place, prevents slipping.



3

AFTER 3 DAYS, corn is gone. Remove plaster, soak foot 10 minutes in hot water, lift out the corn. (Old, tough corns may need a 2nd application, because Blue-Jay is mild and gentle in its action).

Blue-Jay, used by millions for 35 years, is the invention of a famous chemist. It is made for you by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house whose scientific products are used by doctors and hospitals the world over. *Be kind to your feet.* When a corn appears remove it with Blue-Jay.

25c at all druggists. Special sizes for bunions, calluses.

BLUE - JAY

BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC CORN REMOVER

"For Better Feet"—Free Booklet contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable foot exercises. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago. (Pasting this coupon on a government postcard will save postage)

MC7

Name _____
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Has Jean Become Joan's Rival?

(Continued from page 23)

Norma Shearer "among the established stars" as her ideal.

Just recently Jean and a woman-friend dropped into a beach house to call on a friend and found that Joan was the only other guest present. There was a great deal of "Hello, dear"-ing with everybody until Joan and Jean got around to their customary "Miss Harlow"-ing (with a nod) and "Miss Crawford"-ing (with another nod).

The merry-go-round of the girls' "rivalry" now appears to be revolving around Clark Gable. He has played with Joan three times (in "Dance, Fools, Dance," "Laughing Sinners" and "Possessed") and he has played with Jean thrice (in "The Secret Six," "Red Dust" and "Hold Your Man"). Which will play with him first for the fourth time—Joan or Jean?

The amusing part of it is that they are so extraordinarily alike, temperamentally!

Jean has a gorgeous sense of humor. So has Joan. They both love to laugh. They both love to play. They are probably the two best "scouts" in Hollywood. The even more amusing part is that they have both been dogged by feminine rivalry of some sort from the very beginning of their separate careers!

When Joan first made her chorus-girl advent into Hollywood, she had plenty of competition in little Sally O'Neil and Constance Bennett, with both of whom she appeared in "Sally, Irene and Mary." Of the three debutantes, pert, little Sally was conceded to have the greatest chances for stardom. Constance Bennett was second in line, according to the rumor experts. Her relegation to third place only served to whet Joan's determination to outdistance her rivals—and if you are a loyal moviegoer, you should know the outcome of that contest by now. After a short flare in the spotlight, Sally permitted her screen career to be wrecked by an unfortunate romance. Constance Bennett temporarily abandoned the screen to become Mrs. Philip Plant. Joan was firmly established as a star when Connie once again entered the field two years later.

Even the Crawford romance with Michael Cudahy met plenty of competition in those days. The popular Constance Talmadge (single at the time) was the cause of Joan's final serious break with the young Chicago millionaire.

Rivals Joan Has Encountered

AS Joan grew from a "cute kid" into a "young dramatic player" on the M-G-M lot, she found that a great many parts she would have loved to play were being handed to that other "coming young dramatic actress," Eleanor Boardman. But time eventually eliminated Eleanor from the running as she settled down to a restless domesticity with director King Vidor. Joan was not long in conquering that particular field and stepped into a hey-hey stardom that soon developed into more dramatic rôles and active competition with Norma Shearer.

Is there any need to go into that famous "duel of wits" again? For awhile, Joan frankly believed that Norma was being favored with the "plum" rôles on the lot. She was also upset that she drew novice leading men, while Norma had such romantic leads as Leslie Howard, Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery. But box-office success eventually evened up the score between the two ladies of sophistication, and at the time Norma recently sailed off to Europe with husband Irving Thalberg (whose doctor had ordered a long rest), Joan was

second to no woman star at M-G-M (except Garbo, perhaps)—and a warm friendship had sprung up between Norma and Joan!

Such has been Joan's history of constant Hollywood rivalries all the way up the ladder. Jean Harlow's almost equals it!

Rivals Jean Has Seen

THE first real interest that Hollywood took in Jean was when the rumors began to be circulated that Billie Dove was becoming upset about the platinum blonde whom Howard Hughes (then Billie's "fiancé") had chosen for the lead in "Hell's Angels." Talk had it that the cause of the argument was a dress, a very dazzling dress, said to have been paid for by Hughes and worn by Jean at her personal appearances with Hughes' air picture. Whether or not that particular story is true, certainly there was no great amount of love lost between Jean and Billie.

Everyone had expected much from Jean, following "Hell's Angels," in which she gave such a startling performance. But when she was loaned out to other companies for minor pictures by producer Hughes and Billie Dove's starring picture was rushed into production, the wise ones assumed their know-it-all expression and whispered of rivalry. In time Jean grew so unhappy with her lagging contract with Hughes that she walked out on it—and at the same time walked out of the rumors about herself and Billie.

For almost a year Jean's career languished. Then she accepted a personal appearance contract and was innocently put into competition with Alice White as to which one was doing the most "record-breaking" business. Though Jean had little, or nothing, to say about this, little Alice did. It isn't very difficult to get the idea that Alice does not exactly admire Jean's work; either in personal appearances or in the movies. The most recent development of this "rivalry" was the casting of Alice White in the Los Angeles stage version of "Dinner at Eight" and Jean in the same rôle in the movie version. Alice is quoted as having said to a friend that she "couldn't see Jean" in the rôle!

Other rivalries encountered by Jean have been based more on a mistaken conception about her than on actual facts. Once Jean was terribly amused when a young wife, whom she knew casually, actually forbade her husband to speak to the platinum blonde when he encountered her at the studio! And consider all the would-be rivals Jean has had in the other actresses who have become platinum blondes!

When Joan married Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gossips whispered that she was socially ambitious. When Jean married Paul Bern, studio executive, the gossips whispered that she was ambitious for stardom. But the unhappy ending of the Fairbanks-Crawford marriage has not cost Joan any of her friends or curtailed her social life. And the tragedy that overtook Jean Harlow in the death of Paul Bern has not injured her career; she has advanced steadily. People respect the ability of both Joan and Jean.

And now Jean is rapidly nearing stardom on the M-G-M lot, where Hollywood is whispering her into perhaps her greatest rivalry—with another great sex-appeal star of the screen, Joan Crawford.

Funny, isn't it, that these two girls, whose careers from the beginning have had so many parallels and so many rivalries, should eventually be put in the position where they might become each other's foremost rivals?

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 33)

to take up his practice of law where he left off at the time of his marriage to the little Gaynor.

Lydell has a world of friends in 'Frisco who are just waiting to welcome him back to the fold!

IOLA LANE has resumed her before-marriage-to-Lew Ayres-habit of lunching almost daily with Herbert Somborn, of the *Brown Derby* Somborns. They both say "just friends!"

"**SOMETIME in June**" has been set as the approximate wedding time of Doris Kenyon Sills and Arthur Hopkins, real estate broker of Syracuse, New York.

The romance began some months ago when Doris went East on a concert tour.

BOB KENASTON was so successful in cutting out all other suitors with popular Billie Dove that she married him—the event taking place a month ago in Yuma, Arizona. The romance of the star and the ranch owner budded several years ago when Billie met Bob at a Hollywood restaurant. It is his first marriage and her second. If the marriage isn't a real love match then Hollywood has certainly lost its knack for detecting the gentle emotion. Billie and Bob can apparently sit and gaze at each other for hours . . . much to the annoyance of Hollywood waiters who place food in front of them . . . and then remove it, untouched!

DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR., took out Benita Hume the other night—and for the first time since his separation from Joan, really seemed to be enjoying himself. However, it is no particular secret from anyone that Joan is still Doug's "all."

JEAN HARLOW'S black and white dress with the large black cross on the bodice has everybody talking. It has almost the effect of a nun's robe and when worn by the dashing Harlow the effect is nothing short of sensational!

MAE WEST, who used to wear the reddest fingernails in Hollywood, has switched over to a shiny silver finish! That's news! Everything Mae does lately is copied to a fare-you-well. Garbo had better get busy quickly . . . or the first thing you know we are all going to be plump and silver fingernailed! And go up 'n' see each other sometime!!

WHEN Harry Bannister set sail for the Orient to engage in newspaper work as a "flying war correspondent" for a syndicated news service, Ann Harding was on hand to bid him a tearful goodbye. By all rights this should have revived the usual raft of "reconciliation" rumors—but it didn't. Hollywood is getting used to Ann weeping "Hello" or "Goodbye" to Harry. Weep as she does . . . they never make up! The gossip-spreaders would have you believe that Ann and Alex Kirkland are interested in one another. But both declare "there's nothing to it."

NEVER has good old Hollywood seen such backless gowns as worn by Lilian Harvey! Not only on the screen, mind you,

(Continued on page 59)



7 kinds of stains discolor teeth— COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN

MANY AN attractive woman wonders why her teeth are often dull, lustreless—even after brushing.

She doesn't know that the things she eats and drinks put *seven kinds* of stains on her teeth.

She doesn't know that ordinary toothpastes *will not remove all seven*. That Colgate's will.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| Group No. 1—Starchy foods | Group No. 6—Fruits |
| Group No. 2—Sugar foods | Group No. 7—Beverages— |
| Group No. 3—Protein foods | and tobacco. |
| Group No. 4—Fatty foods | |
| Group No. 5—Mineral foods | |



For Colgate's, unlike ordinary toothpastes, does not rely on *one way* of cleansing—it has *two* actions.

Some food stains yield to polishing action, some only to *emulsive* action. Both are needed to give teeth spotless lustre.

As you brush Colgate's over your teeth, it foams. The emulsive action of this foam loosens most of the stains, dissolves them, washes them away. The polishing ingredient in Colgate's—a safe powder such as dentists use—completes the job of removing the stains, leaving your teeth thoroughly clean—beautiful—charming.

So stop trying to get teeth clean with a toothpaste that does only *half* the job. Start today using Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream for 10 days. Notice what a difference it makes in your appearance—how much cleaner it gets your teeth. The large-size tube at your druggist's, only 25c.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth, use Colgate's twice a day, and see your dentist frequently.

COLGATE'S

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Guard your DRESSES Spare your FRIENDS

Perspiration can Cost
You Both



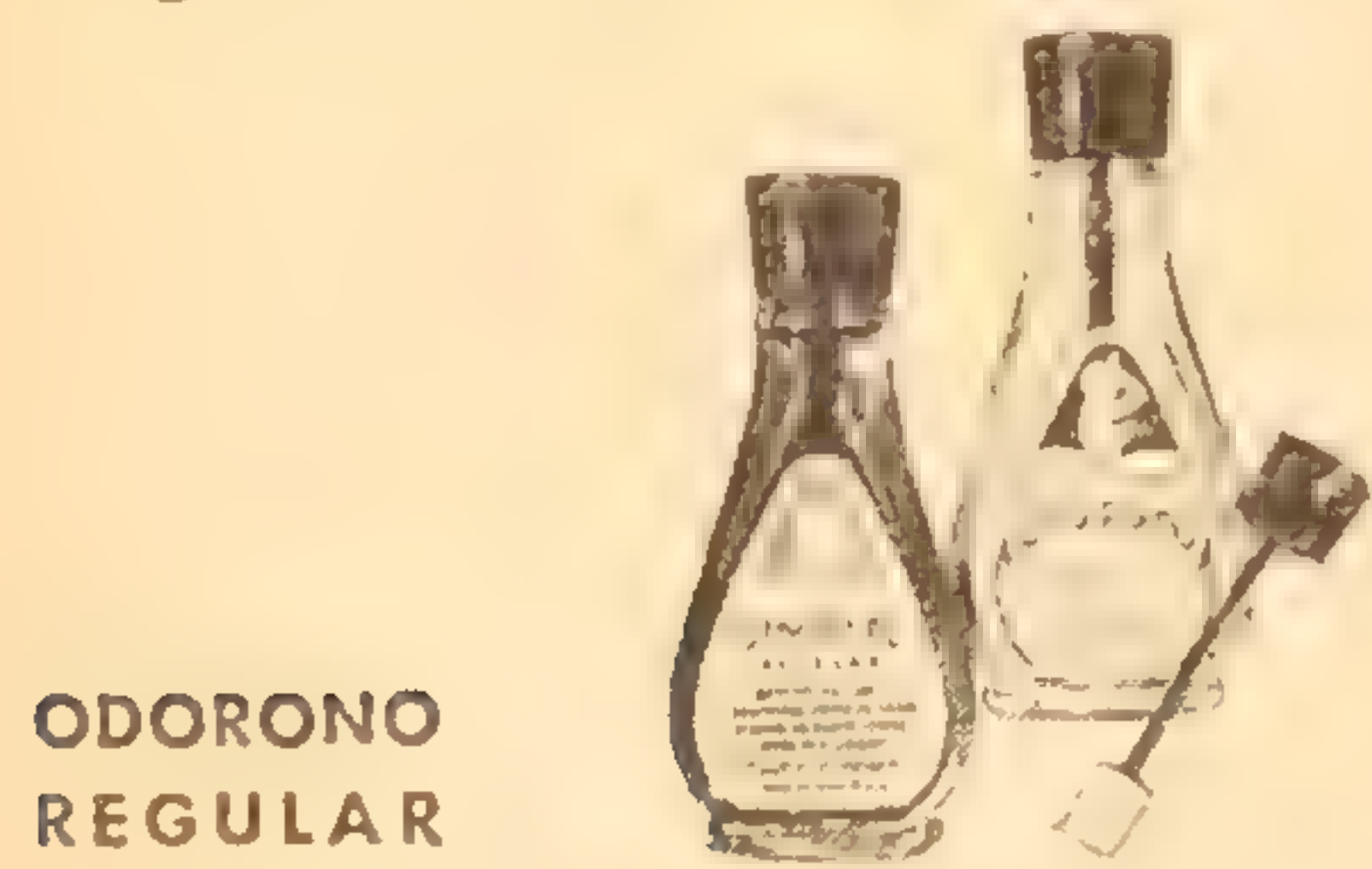
New dresses may be easy to buy, but new friends are hard to find. Even if you can afford to ruin good dresses with unsightly perspiration stains, don't risk offending your friends with perspiration's odors!

For underarm odor subtracts irreparably from your charm. And the dress that perspiration fades, is all too soon discarded.

Odorono Protects your Charm and Saves your Dresses

Perspiration is no problem, if you prevent it. This, Odorono—a doctor's prescription—does safely and surely. For underarm moisture *must be prevented* for the sake of your dresses and your friends. And greasy creams, sticks, powders, perfumes and soaps cannot save you. But with Odorono, perspiration and its odors will never disturb you.

Both Odorono Regular (ruby red) and Instant Odorono (colorless) now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.



ODORONO
REGULAR

INSTANT
ODORONO

for use before retiring
—gives 3 to 7 days'
complete protection.

is for quick use—while
dressing or at any time.
1 to 3 days' protection.

ODO·RO·NO

Garbo Comes Back—and Talks!

(Continued from page 34)

At this, a photographer, seeing that the writing boys weren't getting much of anywhere, broke in: "All right, Miss Garbo, right over here by the car. Now, wave your hand and give us a smile."

She obeyed, and waved to a good-looking, fair-haired youth who was leaning over the rail of the second deck. Aha! Romance? Then she disappeared into the inevitably-waiting black limousine, in which Mrs. Salka Viertel, wife of Berthol Viertel, Hollywood film director, waited. It whisked away and the crowd of admirers, who were prevented by the gate from going onto the dock, were robbed of more than a glimpse of their idol.

Who was this young man to whom Greta smiled and waved goodbye? Investigation showed he was Ture Steen, twenty-four-year-old son of a wealthy Swedish father and an American mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Steen.

"Ture, come here!" called Mrs. Steen, when a newspaperman embarked on a conversation with the youth. He came back and smilingly said that he hoped his name would not be mentioned. It was the remark of an optimist. Such is the price that a good-looking lad pays for having played shuffleboard with a star of the first magnitude!

Called Her "Very Friendly"

"I THINK Mees Garbo has a very, very pleasant personality," smiled young Mr. Steen. "I found Mees Garbo not at all—what is it you say?—high-hat. Yes, that's it. No, she was very friendly. She was very good at deck games. She was a formidable opponent at shuffleboard. No, I am not going to visit her in Hollywood. Of course, Mees Garbo and I talked only about commonplace things, but I found her very, very sweet, indeed. . . ."

"Ture, come here!" again called Mrs. Steen imperiously.

"Pardon me," said the affable youth and went to confer with his mother.

Nobody believed, until the debarkation was history, that the elaborate secrecy with which Garbo had surrounded herself on her voyage to Hollywood was anything but a publicity gag. That it was a "story," the presence in San Diego of a half-dozen Los Angeles reporters and photographers, augmenting the local boys, testified.

Occupants of two chartered shoreboats watched the *Annie Johnson* as she proceeded up the bay, keeping a sharp lookout lest the famed passenger should attempt to disembark in a skiff, by airplane or carrier pigeon. They knew that Captain Holmberg's request, to have Greta disembarked at quarantine, had been denied by customs officials.

Representatives of the press were even stationed on Point Loma, others scurrying about in speedboats, while others, the most fortunate of all, were on Pier 1. Everyone grumbled. (It was that early!) Somebody on a shoreboat suggested the newspapers should give her the "silent treatment." A wise one on the dock said, "She's on the wane."

But all this half-savage feeling of enmity for the personage who had completely foiled the best reporters of America and Europe became sympathy when she was finally brought to bay.

Her "Fright" Confirmed

SHE was really frightened. She quivered with nervousness while the cameras clicked. It is hard to believe, but true. Later, aboard the trim Swedish motorship, Captain Holmberg and fellow-passengers confirmed all this and supplied the details.

"She hates crowds," explained red-cheeked, mustached, wing-collared Captain Holmberg. "All the way around from Gothenburg she seemed happy. Then yesterday she became nervous. I guess she was afraid of you people. And I can assure you that her nervousness was not feigned."

"I probably saw less of her than anyone else on board. She didn't ask for any special favors and she was the best sailor in the crowd. Sometimes she ate in her de luxe stateroom and sometimes at our table in the saloon. She had permission to go onto the bridge, although she didn't ask for it. Her visits ashore were at Puerto Colombia, Cartagena and Puntarenas. At Panama, the port captain, Captain Svenson, took her for a half-hour's ride around the city. A crowd gathered and she fled back to the ship."

When the *Annie Johnson* left Gothenburg, Sweden, there was no blowing of trumpets, no farewell address by silk-hatted aldermen, no throwing of serpentine. The liner sailed at midnight—"she always seems to sail at midnight," was Captain Holmberg's interjection—and only two intimate friends accompanied the actress to the vessel.

Passengers who boarded the *Annie Johnson* at Antwerp saw little of their famous shipmate until the choppy waves of the English Channel had given way to the longer swells of the north Atlantic. Then she came out more frequently; she played shuffleboard a good deal with Mrs. Elizabeth Steen and her son, Ture; she made friends with nine-year-old Norris Varonian; she filled in the spare time with reading Swedish newspapers, magazines and books, the latter including Michael Arlen's "Mayfair," a book on Buddhism, and a life of Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," among others.



Captain Holmberg, of the good ship *Annie Johnson*, bearing a little gift of roses for Garbo, guards her to the last—leading her ashore

Walked the Deck in Shorts

GRETA—which, by the way, passengers say she pronounced "Greeta," and not "Gretta"—is a firm believer in wearing shorts, up to a certain point. With these, she wore a sweater and an officer's cap. As the weather cooled, when the ship ran into lowering skies and an occasional spatter of rain, she appeared on deck attired in long dungaree trousers, instead of shorts. The fact that she wore shorts, in itself, proves that she is not so self-conscious about revealing her legs as the gossip writers have insisted.

Captain Holmberg's comment—"she was the best sailor aboard"—was verified by this; for what good sailor would appear, in that type of weather described by Southern California chambers of commerce as "unusual," clad only in shorts? But Greta must have worn them often, for Captain Holmberg, who has been up against all kinds of weather in everything from a square-rigger to his present big motorship, said it was a fine voyage.

Another passenger was quoted as saying that down in the tropics Greta took sun-baths in a lifeboat, up on the top deck. And speaking about the tropics: A newspaper woman boarded the motorship on the Atlantic side of the Panama Canal, intent on an interview. She rode all the way through the Canal, while her prey was safely ensconced on the bridge, with heavy lines rigged across the ladders so that no one else could get up. The Panama papers, they say, were not exactly Garbo-minded when they came out next day.

Reception Committee Was Limited

ONE of Captain Holmberg's firm beliefs is that, what passengers want, passengers must have. So, with Garbo's aversion to hurrah and whoopee in mind, he sent in a radiogram that no one but government inspectors would be allowed aboard before the ship was tied up at the pier. Thus the reception committee was necessarily limited. There was Captain H. T. Meriwether, port pilot, who not only brought in the ship, but also delivered the bouquet sent out on radio orders from Captain Holmberg; Dr. J. W. Tappan, of the public health service; Tom Ross, veteran customs officer; and T. H. Gourley, who scans passenger and crew lists of inbound vessels for the Immigration Service.

"Do you intend to become an American citizen?" Mr. Gourley asked Garbo, as soon as he boarded the ship.

"Well—perhaps; perhaps not. I may change my mind."

Then the ship was at the pier; bells clanged below, and the *Annie Johnson's* huge Diesel engines chugged stolidly in reverse; heaving lines hurtled through the air; along came Garbo. G. W. Olson, Swedish consul at Los Angeles; G. Eckdahl, travel director for the Johnson line from the same city; H. E. Holbrook, the line's local agent, and Mrs. Holbrook; reporters, cameramen and Garbo fans, who had executed a flank movement around the pier shed, gathered in a tight huddle and waited for an opportunity to quiz her.

"Are you glad to be back? How long do you intend to stay?"

Answers in a husky voice; a wave of the hand, a brief, frightened little smile; the burr-burr of a horn as the sedan started ahead—above the whine of electric winches and the slam and clatter of overturned hatch covers as stevedores went to work to their different tasks.

The Garbo "mystery" had blown up. Greta was a regular person, charming and approachable, after all. The voyage was ended. And now that the ice has been broken, what's to prevent Greta and the reporters from being friends again?

**PATENTED! . . . because
it's utterly different**

Equalizer KOTEX

**20 to 30% greater
protection**

KOTEX radically improved. . . Kotex emphatically bettered all the time . . . yet offered at lower and lower prices. Today you can buy Kotex with the New Equalizer at any drug, dry goods or department store.

New Patented Equalizer

The new patented Equalizer in Kotex gives 20 to 30% greater protection; more adequate but less bulky protection; a feeling of lasting safety. An intimate explanation of the new Equalizer is given you on the direction sheet inside the package.

Ends, of course, are "phantomized" . . . not only rounded but flattened, tapered, made absolutely non-revealing. Absorbency, softness, disposability are identically the same as in the Kotex you've always known. Its soft, downy filler never was softer, never gave you such perfect comfort as it does now—with the new Equalizer. It can be worn on either side with equal protection.

Unique to Kotex

This new Equalizer is so unique it has been protected by patent No. 1,863,333. In Kotex—and Kotex alone—you get this new, carefully worked out principle of better, safer protection. Protection especially designed for greater security, freedom, ease of mind.

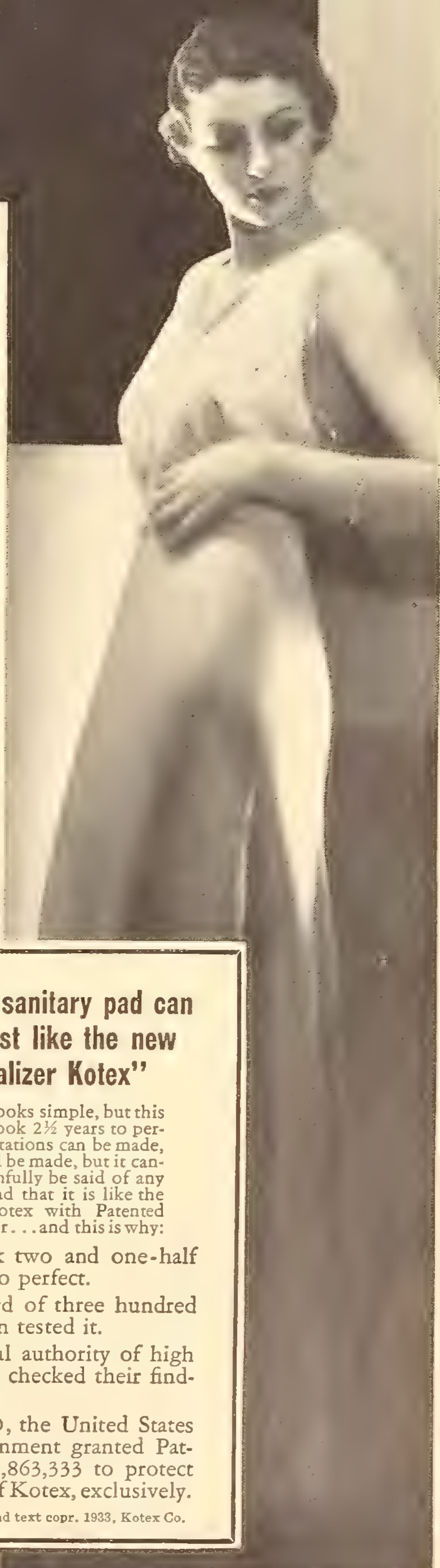
Try it. Learn for yourself, what immeasurable advantages to comfort, ease of mind, safety this new Kotex with Patented Equalizer brings.

Why no sanitary pad can be "just like the new Equalizer Kotex"

Yes, it looks simple, but this device took 2½ years to perfect. Imitations can be made, they will be made, but it cannot truthfully be said of any other pad that it is like the New Kotex with Patented Equalizer . . . and this is why:

- 1—it took two and one-half years to perfect.
- 2—a board of three hundred women tested it.
- 3—medical authority of high repute checked their findings.
- 4—★AND, the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 to protect it for use of Kotex, exclusively.

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kotex Co.





SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Just spread ZiP Depilatory Cream over the hair to be removed, rinse off, and admire your beautiful, hair-free skin. You will marvel at this white, fragrant cream; smooth and mild; rapid and efficacious. ZiP Depilatory Cream leaves no unpleasant odor, and instantly removes every vestige of hair... GIANT TUBE 50¢.

PERMANENTLY



DESTROYS HAIR

The only registered Epilator available for actually destroying hair growths. Tested over a period of twenty years, ZIP Epilator has proved its claims. Ideal for face, arms, legs and body. Simple and quick, it leaves no stubble and no dark shadow under the skin. Acts immediately and brings lasting results... Generous package \$1.00

TREATMENT OR FREE DEMONSTRATION AT MY SALON

Madame Berthe

SPECIALIST

562 Fifth Avenue, New York (46th St.)

New: ZiP Deodorant Pencil 50¢
Convenient — Efficient — Smart

"I'd Like to Be Human—for a Change!" Says Connie Bennett

(Continued from page 19)

wedding—that I would gladly pose for any pictures he might want, and that his negatives could supply all the papers and magazines. I especially asked the publicity department to notify the papers. Evidently, someone concluded either that I did not know my own mind, or that I could be bluffed. The Fitzmaurice house is small—hardly large enough to accommodate all the guests we had invited. The presence indoors of thirty or forty newspaper men would have meant pandemonium. Furthermore, I was *being married*, not holding a press reception!"

And that's that—a very logical that, too, it strikes me. Connie, by the way, has a decided flair for logic which is very annoying. Hollywood cannot reconcile itself to an actress who insists on reducing absurdities to their proper level.

Many a writer has burned with wrath because Connie summarily rejected his pet idea for a sensational interview. She demands that all writers communicate their proposed subject matter before she will consent to see them. If the idea seems to her "silly" or "embarrassing," she promptly refuses to be interviewed, potential enmities notwithstanding. As a result of her policy, a great many anti-Bennett articles have been written by scribes who *never* have met her. High-hat because she demands to know the writer's theme before seeing him? Well...

Resents Questions About Money

"HAS it ever occurred to you that there are at least two hundred interviewers in Hollywood, and that to see them all on any and every excuse would be an absolute impossibility?" she asks. "And *why* should I talk on ridiculous subjects? Because I happen to be an actress, I see no reason to forfeit every claim to common, every-day intelligence. Moreover, many of the stories suggested would be tantamount to business suicide. Writers are continually concocting interviews in which I am to talk about money.

"For some reason, I've been hounded all my life by 'money publicity.' One would think that I had been born under a special zodiac, all the signs of which were dollar signs. Wild misstatements of fact have been published so often that they have been accepted as truth. For instance, there was the publicity given my 'thirty-thousand-dollar-a-week' salary from Warner Brothers. I was labeled 'the highest-salaried star in Hollywood.' I am *not*—far from it, in fact. Neither did I receive thirty thousand dollars a week. I received three hundred thousand dollars for making two pictures, and, because I was willing to work day and night, they were produced in ten weeks. There are several stars in Hollywood who receive at least three hundred thousand dollars for *each* picture they make.

"I was called 'mercenary,' 'hard,' 'scheming,' 'piratical'—in short, everything but an out-and-out thief—because I accepted the value which Warner Brothers, themselves, were willing to place on my services. For heaven's sake, why? I am not in this business solely for enjoyment! I am a business woman and I intend to earn all the money I can while I remain in business. The Warner Brothers are business men, not philanthropists. If they paid me too much, they did it of their own free will, in the honest belief that they were getting a bargain."

Has No Use for Yes-Men

THE most probable explanation for the occasional press attacks on Connie is that we humans are almost invariably jealous of

the other person's success. We are also resentful of independence. And Connie is independent with a capital "I." She will not be coerced into anything. She reserves the right to think for herself. On the other hand, she welcomes an argument—if it is an *intelligent* argument. She is perfectly willing to be convinced, and no one can admit defeat more gracefully than she.

"I detest yes-men," she declares with considerable venom. "Hollywood has more than its share of sycophants, parasites and spineless hypocrites. I've never made the slightest effort to conceal my contempt and dislike for them. I consider their enmity a sincere compliment. I'm human enough to want to be liked by people. But my definition of people does not include jellyfish. And neither does it include posers. Any person who lacks the courage to stand up for his own convictions is a very pitiable object."

Connie, you may be sure, stands up for *her* convictions. She has been an El Dorado to the gossip writers who have reported her not infrequent disagreements with the studios. There was the time when she refused to pose in a teddy—or some other unmentionable—for publicity stills. The studio executives insisted, the director insisted. One would have thought from all the furore that international issues hung on her willingness to display her nether garments. She didn't!

Her honesty is as disconcerting as her language—on occasion—is forceful. The two combine to make her enemies. If a writer authors an article which she considers ridiculous—she tells that unlucky writer with supreme frankness: "That's terrible!" Writers are not accustomed to such remarks, for most of Hollywood's stars, it must be admitted, would sell their birthrights for a mess of flattering adjectives.

Refuses to "Play Politics"

"I SAY what I think," proclaims the eldest daughter of the Bennett clan. "People must either like me for what I honestly am—or not at all. I will not 'play politics' or be ingratiating. There is something slinky about people who are continually grinding an ax."

She is equally frank in expressing her views to producers—as Pathé discovered immediately after signing her a few years ago. While she was en route to the United States from France, she received a cablegram from the studio executives, suggesting that she should give out an interview and "make the front page" by stating that "No Girl Should Marry a Millionaire"—the direct reverse of the statement later attributed to her.

A very disgusted Connie flashed back an answer: "I do not want to crash the front pages in that way. For some inexplicable reason, when I come to America, I always land on the front pages—and without having to make an ass of myself to do it."

She did not exaggerate. She has been front-page copy ever since her elopement, years ago, with a college-boy sweetheart. She says that she does not know *why* she is copy. And there I can answer—anyone with such decided opinions, who is in the public eye, is news!

She is no Garbo, nursing a hermit complex. She does not shrink from publicity—as long as it is founded on truth. She resents as ridiculous the tendency of certain editors to glorify trivialities and to make sensational capital of her private life, which she fully intends to keep private. To ask for an

article on her "love-life" is to court a withering blast of pointed language. To write such an article without consulting her is to face just such difficulty as now confronts a certain Hollywood writer who usurped on an ancient and very slight acquaintance to write a story in which she was pictured as a gin-drinking, whoopee girl who considered necking the national pastime. Constance saw the story and instantly declared war. The terrified writer confessed in writing that his article was *one hundred per cent concoction*, and now spends his spare time trembling for fear that Connie will press the matter. And well he may!

"I'd like to be human!" she says. "Lord knows, I've my share of faults. I have a temper and the habit of losing it over unimportant things; intolerance of stupidity and the habit of expressing that intolerance at the cost of hurt feelings; a sincere joy in a good fight and the Irish tendency to indulge it. . . . Talk about my faults all you please, but picture me as a human being—just for a change."

I'll let your faults alone, Connie. They called you "hard"—and I discovered what you had done for a crippled "extra" girl. You don't want that discussed, so I'll drop it. They called you "inconsiderate," and you dropped everything to give me an interview on the eve of an unexpected sailing to Europe. Furthermore, didn't you scathingly denounce men's pants for women? *That* sold you to me, forever!

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 55)

but Cocoonut Grove-ing and private partying as well. If Lilian were not so very small and dainty (*refined* is probably the word) the gowns would be just too, too gaspy!

TWO of Hollywood's most attractive young juveniles have disappointed a flock of screen ingénues by "up and marrying" their old school sweethearts. On April 14th, Buster Crabbe (Paramount's Johnny Weissmuller) was "secretly" wed to Adah Virginia Held at Yuma, Arizona.

A couple of days later Bob Young of M-G-M stepped altarward with his school-days sweetheart, the pretty Betty Henderson.

REMEMBER when Estelle Taylor was seriously injured in an automobile accident last New Year's Eve? Estelle brought a \$150,000 suit against Frank Joyce and his Negro chauffeur, Noel Scott. The claim was recently settled in the California courts for \$20,000.

The irony of it is that of this amount Estelle gets only \$3,000! The other \$17,000 has to be divided between the doctors, lawyers and hospital bills.

DOROTHEA WIECK, of the famed "Maedchen in Uniform," says her last name is correctly pronounced "Veek." Which is certainly simple compared to the "Wake" and "Weck" Hollywood has been attempting.

IT looks as though Alice White and Cy Bartlett have "made up," and all is well once again with Hollywood's foremost marathon romance. Every night, now, Cy is stationed at the stage door of "Dinner At Eight" waiting for Alice to go to supper with him. They both seem very happy again . . . which seems to prove that romantic vacations are a great help in times of lovers' tiffs.

(Continued on page 69)

"We're Engaged"



What a world of pleasant talk can start from a snapshot! That's one of the reasons why you're in such a hurry to get the prints . . . "Oh, isn't *this* good!" "He called me up again last night." "Do you remember when we took this?"

Snapshot possibilities are immensely greater now because of a new kind of film. With Kodak VERICHROME Film you don't need to have bright light. Dull or sunny—even in shade—go right ahead. No more squinting, no more posing. Snap when people are relaxed and natural—you'll get the finest pictures you've ever made. Today, try a roll of Verichrome—in the yellow box with checkered stripes. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

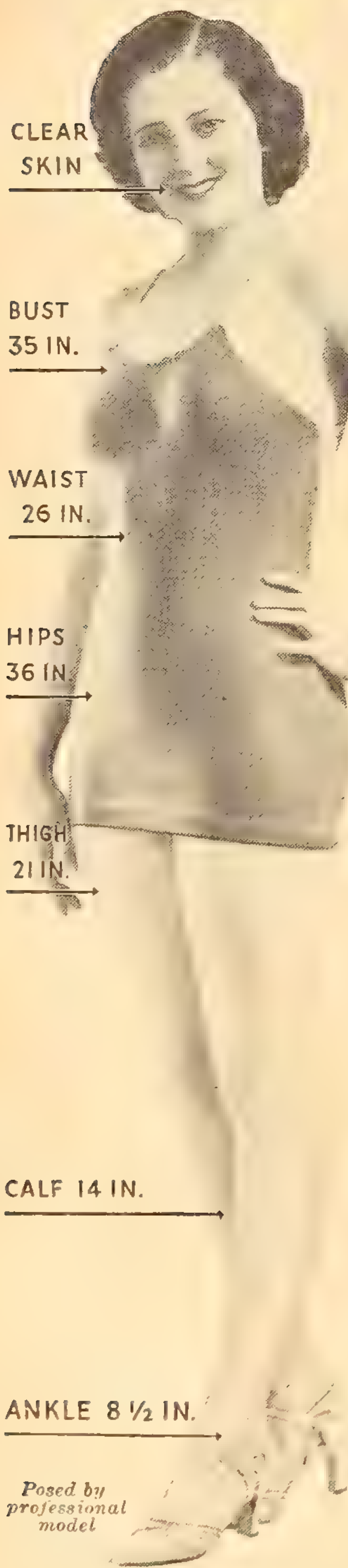


HOW KODAK VERICHROME FILM DOUBLE-GUARDS SNAPSHOT SUCCESS

- Verichrome is the *double-coated* film. Two sensitive coatings instead of one. One coating for dull light, another coating for bright light give Verichrome its amazing picture-taking range. In sun or shade, on bright days or dull, it double-guards your snapshot success.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM

HEIGHT 5 FT. 4 IN.
WEIGHT 120 LBS.



SKINNY GIRLS listen to this!

Amazing easy way adds new pounds double quick!

Thousands gaining 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks with sensational new double tonic. Richest imported beer yeast now concentrated 7 times and combined with energizing iron

THOUSANDS who were once scrawny, sickly, weak, praise this new way to gain weight and health.

For years doctors prescribed yeast to put flesh on skinny, rundown men and women. But now, thanks to this new scientific discovery, you can get even better results—put on firmer, healthier flesh than with ordinary yeast—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds—but other benefits, too. Muddy, blemished skin changes to a fresh, glowing, radiantly clear complexion. Constipation, poor appetite, lack of pep, vanish. Life becomes a thrilling adventure.

2 greatest body-builders in 1

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add new energy and pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, complexion clear—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. So successful has it been that it is absolutely guaranteed. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 207, Atlanta, Ga.

15 lbs. in 4 weeks

"I was skinny, weak, nervous, tired, couldn't sleep, had an awful complexion. But after taking Ironized Yeast I gained 15 lbs. in 4 weeks, look fine."
Mrs. Ethel Airhart, Edinburg, Va.

28 lbs. gained

"I was so rundown I had to give up work. My druggist advised Ironized Yeast and I quickly gained 28 lbs., work hard and never tire, feel and look great."
J. F. Bork, Buffalo, N. Y.

8 lbs., lovely skin

"I had lost weight and my complexion was terrible, but Ironized Yeast soon gave me 8 lbs. and a lovely skin."
Ida Lenze, Houston, Tex.

10 lbs. in 1 month

"For several years I had no pep or ambition. Was very nervous, tired, worn out, skinny. I've taken Ironized Yeast for one month now and gained 10 lbs., new strength, wonderful complexion."
Wilma Tesar, Houston, Tex.

Gary Cooper Answers Twenty Frank Questions

(Continued from page 26)

3. Have your parents disapproved of your past romances?

"I think most parents disapprove of their children's first loves. Mothers, in particular, have exaggerated ideas of their offsprings' worth, and to mothers in general there do not exist other human beings good enough for their own children."

4. Are you currently and seriously interested in Wera Engels or Lilian Harvey, or both?

"The two ladies are simply charming friends. My acquaintance with them has been enlarged by gossip. For instance, I learned from a newspaper story that I sent Miss Harvey a huge box of orchids. The information was news, all right—news even to me."

5. Have you spent a great deal of money entertaining of late?

"I have played host at a number of parties, but none was elaborate or expensive. In the past I have been a guest in the homes of a great number of friends, and I have recently attempted to prove my gratefulness by returning their compliments."

6. Why have you not been starred?

"I do not want to be a star. I have observed that studios customarily load stars with mediocre stories and expect the public to continue liking those stars. I prefer to remain a featured player or leading man in good pictures. Few producing organizations are careful to select good stories for individual stars constantly."

7. Were you self-conscious when you appeared opposite that superb actress, Helen Hayes?

"I expected to be before I began work, because I realize that I am not an actor and I believed I would suffer by comparison with Miss Hayes. However, she is such a delightful person and fine actress that I lost all self-consciousness after the first few hours."

8. Why have you lately affected English clothes and derbies?

"I have done no such thing. The studio made photographs of me in some suits I bought abroad, and the appearance of these pictures caused the report that I spurn American tailors. On the contrary, most of my clothes are made in Hollywood. As a matter of fact, I habitually wear slack trousers and a ranch (cowboy) jacket."

9. Will you return to live on a ranch after your picture career is ended?

"Not on my Montana ranch. I would like to have a ranch more convenient to big cities; at least within an hour's driving distance."

10. Is your health bad?

"I have long been troubled with nervous disorders and jaundice, and I constantly guard against both. Making motion pictures is particularly nerve-racking, and if I do not leave Hollywood periodically, I am reduced to jitters."

11. Is the report true that, when you were abroad, you were nursed from near-death by the Countess Frasso?

"Not entirely. I was a sick man when I landed in Rome, Italy. The Count and Countess Frasso are friends of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, who had given me letters of introduction. I spent considerable time in Rome and with my titled friends there. They kindly recommended the finest doctors, who were able to do much for me."

12. What about the report of a romance between you and the Countess?

"Absurd! The lady has a husband, with whom I am intimate."

13. Why were you out of town when the Countess Frasso recently returned from Europe?

"There was no reason for me to be in town. However, I probably should have been present to meet her at the train, had I known the exact time of her arrival."

14. Will you return to Africa again to hunt wild game?

"Undoubtedly; I may be on my way before this article appears in print. I like the thrill of hunting, but I like even better going to a place where people never heard of Hollywood. I need vacations, and simply going from Hollywood to another city does not fulfill my want, because people in all cities act and live almost identically. Life in the African jungles is a complete relief from city habits, believe me!"

15. Were you ever in actual danger while hunting lions?

"I do not think so. The ferocity of lions is greatly exaggerated by their appearance. Armed with high-powered rifles, a hunter is reasonably safe. There is always an element of danger to lion-hunting, of course, but I have never faced a real crisis."

16. Why did you re-paint your blazingly-tinted automobile to a more subdued color?

"Because that car was like an advertisement; everywhere I went, people knew because my motor was parked. There are times, you know, when a man wants to be obscure, even to his friends."

17. Why have you not bought a house in Hollywood?

"I am too restless to remain long in one house. I have not yet made up my mind where I want to live. Why buy houses to live in when I should soon feel like moving out of them?"

18. Do you prefer sophisticated women or ingénues?

"I have no general preference. Perhaps I like diversion. If I have devoted myself almost entirely for a while to one type, I usually look for the other for the sake of variation."

19. Are you worried about your future?

"No. I was born and bred on a ranch—in the open spaces. Men of the West are usually taciturn. We have the innate belief that we can always manage to get along, come what may. If I lost my savings and my career were to end tomorrow, I would not worry about the future."

20. Would you marry a motion picture actress?

"I shall marry a woman, not a career. I do not mean that I would not marry an actress, but if I should, I hope she will not be more devoted to motion pictures than to marriage. I would like to find a girl—actress or non-professional—adaptable to any setting; a girl as much at home at a ranch table, as at a table in the finest hotels; a girl as happy astride a horse on the plains, as she would be at a Mayfair Ball."

"Find me that girl, Fidler, and you, yourself, may answer question number two."

Did You Know That--

Gary Cooper is scheduled to make "One Sunday Afternoon," a wistful comedy about a sentimentalist who can't forget his first love? It's something new for Gary.

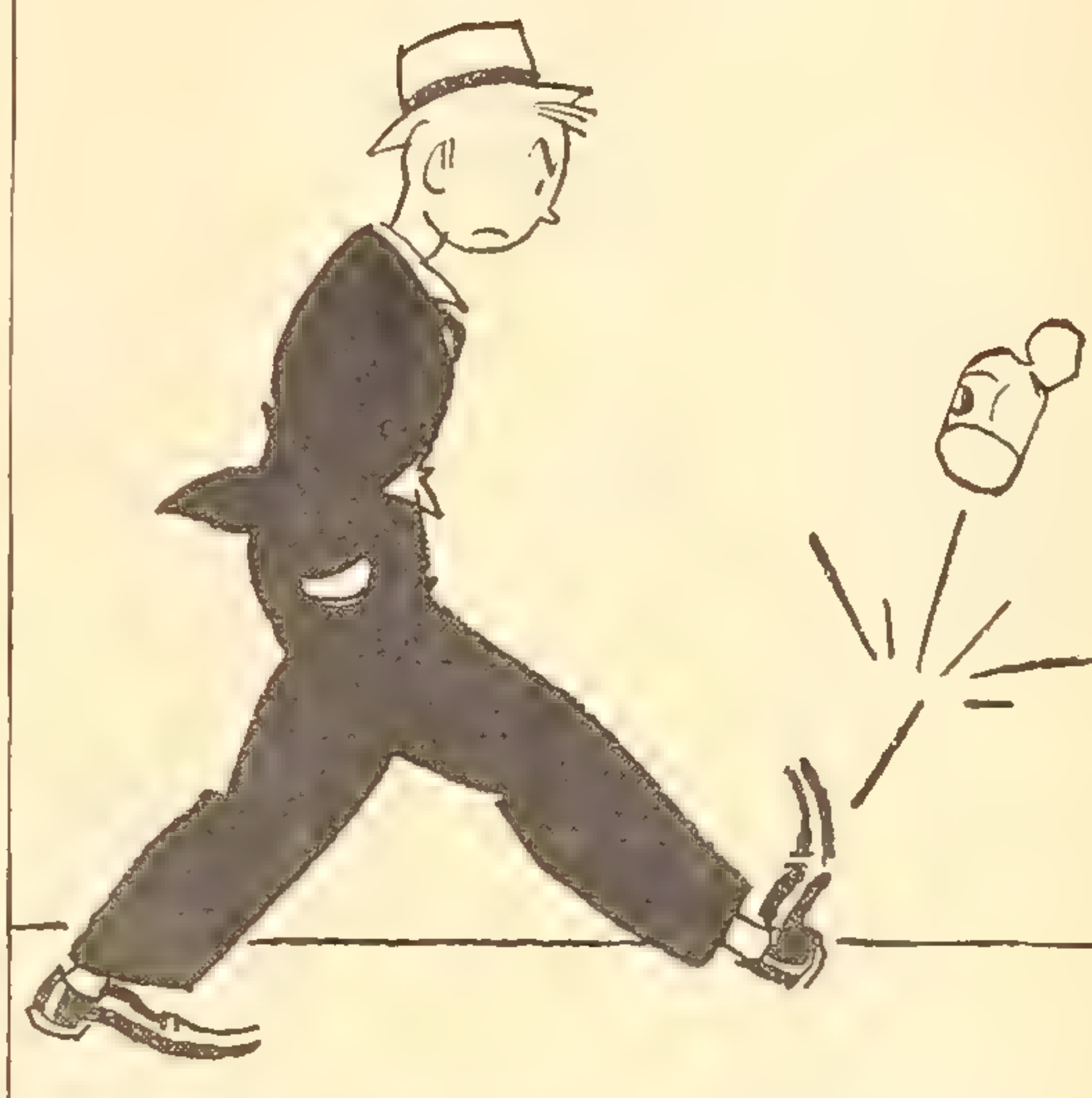
Doris Kenyon, widow of Milton Sills, is to be the June bride of Arthur Hopkins, wealthy Syracuse (N. Y.) business man, who almost became her fiancé once before—several years ago?

Paul Robeson, the famous Negro singer, is playing the title rôle in the screen version of Eugene O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones"?

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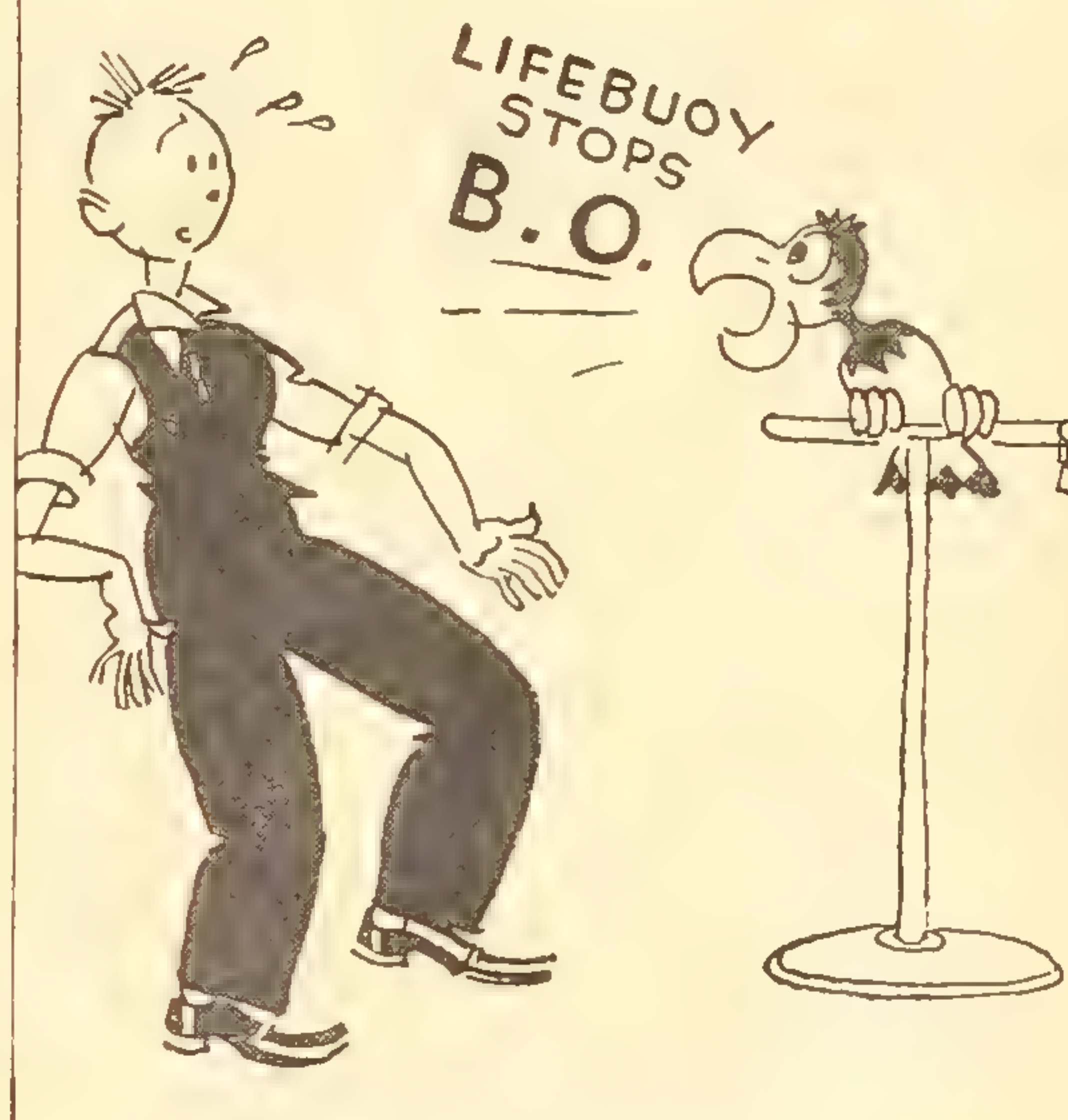
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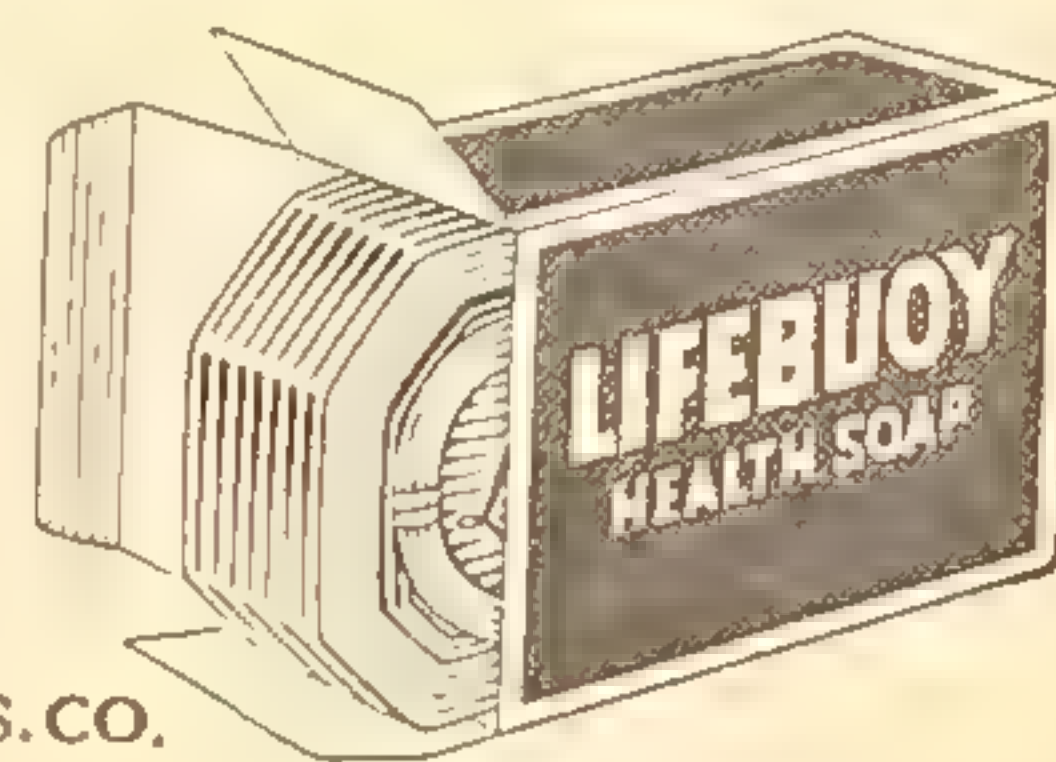


I'LL SAY THE
FELLOWS WITH "B.O."
CAN'T WIN

SOcially, in business, in love—they haven't a chance! No one can afford to be guilty of "B.O." (body odor). Yet how easy to offend and not know it these hot "perspiry" days. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy gives extra protection. Its creamy, abundant, hygienic lather purifies and deodorizes pores—effectively stops "B.O."

So good for the skin

Lifebuoy's bland, penetrating lather deep-cleanses dirt-clogged pores gently, yet thoroughly—freshens dull complexions to glowing health.



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WOMEN
CAN'T BE WRONG

in preferring

Maybelline

EYELASH DARKENER



because it is

- ... absolutely harmless,
- ... non-smarting,
- ... tear-proof, and
- ... instantly effective

Lashes that look long, dark, luxuriant and sweeping add a most exciting interest to eyes. A simple touch of Maybelline, and eyes that are "just eyes" instantly become lovely, bewitching pools—enchanted, beyond words to describe. Five million regular Maybelline users know this secret. They also know that genuine Maybelline is necessary to genuinely alluring eyes. The reason being that Maybelline gives an entirely natural effect.

In addition, genuine Maybelline is non-smarting, tear-proof, harmless and stimulating to lash growth. Five million women can't be wrong! Maybelline—Black or Brown—a year's supply—75c at Drug and Department stores.



The Perfect Mascara

Cowboys on the Screen —City Slickers Off It!

(Continued from page 25)

interest me. A great many of my friends back home *are* wealthy, and I get a great kick out of traveling about aboard their palatial yachts or riding aboard their private cars. I'd rather live in a penthouse than a ranch-house any day, though I say so as shouldn't.

"I have rather a large and carefully chosen library, and I'm especially fond of—no, NOT Bret Harte—romantic biographies. Some of my favorites are 'The Life of Byron,' 'The Life of Shelley,' 'Talleyrand' and 'Disraeli.'"

"I can't say that I go in for athletics very strenuously. I spend most of my leisure time *taking sun-baths* in our patio at home, where we do most of our eating, living, entertaining and so on. I've got to admit—I *have* admitted—that I like the cream of living with all that that implies. Some day I hope to leave the screen—I may and I may not—but if I do, I shall probably go back to Virginia and breed horses for a living. Have stables, you know. When I came to Hollywood, I got horses rather confused with cows now and then, but that, at least, is changed now. It's the only thing about me that is."

He-Man with a Boston Accent

WE present our third he-man before the camera—John Davis Lodge. John is of those who have grandsires and great grandsires, blue blood and a Boston accent. His father is George Cabot Lodge, his grandfather was the famous Henry Cabot Lodge, Senator from Massachusetts. His brother is a member of the Massachusetts State Legislature and was one of the editors of the *New York Herald-Tribune* at the age of twenty-six. You might reasonably suppose that the Lodges would run to brain, rather than brawn. There are instances of the two combining.

Our John spent most of his boyhood in Washington, D. C., with his grandfather, or in Boston with his mother and father. He is a graduate of Harvard and also of the Harvard Law School, which means that he spent eight years of his life in the scholarly environs of Cambridge. He was a member of the Harvard Glee Club for three years and took two years of playwriting in Harvard's "47 Workshop." It would take too much time and too much space to list all of the accomplishments and affiliations of this blue-blooded young man, who eventually departed from Harvard with two degrees in his pocket and more learning in his head than a cowboy ever dreamed of under the stars. He finished off the Harvard culture by a year or two in a Paris law school and then hung out his shingle in New York.

John Lodge speaks English, German, French and Italian fluently. His wife is of Italian birth. She was a noted dancer before her marriage and has, John told me, long golden hair and a masterly mind beneath it. He has, also, one small, three-year-old daughter named Lily. There seems to be something vaguely anomalous about a cowboy being married to a dancer and having a daughter by the name of Lily. There is something vaguely preposterous about young Mr. Lodge being in Hollywood at all—and being a cowboy, at that.

John Lodge plays the piano well, specializes in classical music, and prefers the compositions of De Bussy and Tchaikowsky. He has a large and scholarly library and, in the course of his studies, has delved deeply into philosophy and psychology. Like Randy Scott, he never rode Western in all

of his erudite life until he came to Hollywood. At the most, he took polite canters.

He hopes, eventually, to do the sort of thing on the screen now being done by Leslie Howard, Fredric March and Herbert Marshall.

Probably this scion of the Boston Lodges, this graduate of Harvard College and Law School, this practising lawyer in Gotham has worn the largest seven-league boots ever worn to make this giant stride. He says that his being in pictures at all "is one of those things that happen once in a lifetime. It seemed to me to be the hand of Fate—and who am I to guard against her?" He happened to be here for his law firm a while ago. Mrs. Ad Schulberg, now agenting, met him at a tennis party. She prevailed upon him to have a screen test made. He thought it might prove an amusing experience. He made the test and returned to New York only to be greeted there by a wire and a contract—to be a movie he-man.

Keene a Self-Made Cowboy

THE case of Tom Keene, now before the house, is a *different* case. Because Tom (once known on the screen as George Duryea and seen as such in "Tide of Empire" and "Honky-Tonk" and others) is a self-made cowboy *off* the screen, as well as on. Tom didn't trust "chaps" and a lariat to cover up his background of a childhood spent in Sleepy Hollow, New York, or his experiences on the New York stage in such plays as "Madame X" and "White Cargo." He feared that these early habits of life would rise up to confound him in the instant of leaping off a cliff or corralling a steer. And so, when he changed his name to Tom Keene, he deliberately and consciously changed—*himself*.

He changed his personality, his habits, his very looks and manners. He is really less of a cowboy and more of a *movie* cowboy than—well, than Tom Mix. He sees to it that he looks like the public's idea of a Western hero. He even wears Western clothes around the house. He is thinking seriously of building himself a sure enough ranch-house so that he may actually live in the correct atmosphere. He feels that the concessions he still makes to his old life may take the guarantee of simon-pure cowboy off him—such concessions as still reading highbrow literature or looking over an old, sweet song atop a grand piano.

Even the house, however, is not immune. For Tom lassos the lamps and spins the lariat on an Oriental rug. It takes time, he told me, to make yourself into another person. He is doing, I must say, a thorough job of it. He uses the open space handshake, and almost never forgets. He allows the word "pardner" to slip into his conversation every now and again. He has trained himself to be an expert in the ungentele arts of roping, riding and shooting. He hopes, in time, to change or alter his very face and appearance. He says, "When I am dressed in ordinary clothes, I still look more like a matinée idol than a matinée idol does—something must be done about *that*."

You will recall the diamond stomacher that Tom Mix used to wear, spelling the name TOM MIX—and the white evening suits (cowboy cut) he affected and affects—and the gorgeous and luxurious mansion he inhabits in Beverly Hills. . . .

They may be he-men before the camera, but away from the camera, they would put Beau Brummell to shame and cause him to retire, defeated and disgraced.

Movie Classic's Letter Page

(Continued from page 9)

Omit the Roman Revelries

READERS of that old-fashioned thriller, "Quo Vadis," may remember the comment of the elegant *Petronius* upon one of Nero's lavish spectacles: "I am more affected by the sight of one naked maiden than by a hundred." Which is exactly the reaction of some of us to the Roman revelries of "Sign of the Cross" and all the rest of the super-super spectacles.

Whether authentic or not, the sensitive spectator soon finds reel after reel of reeling patricians and half-naked virgins something of a bore. Remember, I object not on moral, but aesthetic grounds. Nudity, if properly presented, may be quite spicy; but too much spice spoils the soup. Cut out the Roman Follies and give us the one naked maiden who may revive in our breasts the thrills we once felt when we collected cigarette pictures of Lillian Russell in tights.

E. E. L., Columbus, O.

Praise for the Supporting Cast

I BELIEVE the average fan pays too much attention to the star and gives too little consideration to the supporting cast. I can think of dozens of splendid actors who surround a star and make his picture worth while; in fact without these able helpers the picture would lose much of its substance.

I have in mind Frank Morgan. The play may be weak, the glorified star a "ham" actor, but you can depend on Morgan to deliver a masterful performance no matter what character he portrays.

Many stars "happen" over night; they need experienced actors like Morgan to give their pictures weight and make them click.

In the circle with Frank are his brother, Ralph, Gregory Ratoff, Eugene Pallette, Purnell Pratt, Robert McWade, Berton Churchill, Henry Stephenson, Russell Simpson, Hale Hamilton, Jean Hersholt, Louise Closser Hale—just to mention a few. It is this moderately publicized group of actors whose fine work holds many a loose story together and carries the star along.

If movie-goers would study the names and faces and work of these men and women—who may never become stars—they will be surprised how much more enjoyment they can get out of every picture.

HARRY W. MAYO, Sedalia, Mo.

Poise in "Today We Live"

IN "To-day We Live" we are given a magnificent portrayal of the English spirit of Carry On. Surely four more ideal characters were never assembled under the same roof-tree. For too emotional people this talkie is a much needed tonic. It offers us a high water mark of self control, anti-verbosity, and strict attention to the matter in hand.

The acting is superb and you may not often again see the individual acting of a quartette dovetail so completely. The great love of a brother and two lovers for the same woman, Joan Crawford, concentrates one's interest in her character and this interest she well sustains.

"To-day We Live" bids us recall our own big moments: that appendectomy; that gas explosion in the kitchen oven; that broken axle. We didn't do half bad, did we? More power to the English idea of Carry On. Glad they haven't a monopoly of it.

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Angel Over Hollywood

(Continued from page 43)

"Breaking in is the most terrible time," she told me, with a little shake of her head. "You go to one manager and he says, 'Go off to the provinces and get some experience.' Then you try for a part in a touring company, and that manager says, 'What experience have you had in London?' But finally I had an opportunity to go with a small company, and I jumped at it."

The tour lasted thirty months, and the troupe wandered over half the earth with a repertory of eight plays. Little towns in Wales saw them, and villages in Scotland, in Ireland. They played in Gibraltar and in Bombay, in Calcutta and Cairo and far into the interior of India. It was there that she learned about bombs.

Many of the towns in which they stopped were too small to boast a theatre. Frequently, the troupe moved its equipment into a club or barracks for the show. They arrived at one such place in the late afternoon. Some local trouble had keyed the natives to a high pitch of excitement. There were sullen looks out of black eyes as they went through the streets. Rumors of threatened violence against all British crept backstage while Heather was putting on her make-up. Someone told of a native who had been caught with a bomb while the white audience was gathering in the main room.

"Wasn't it dangerous to attempt to give a show under such circumstances?" I asked.

Can't Show "Weakness"

SHE turned her blue eyes on me with a gentle surprise. "I suppose so," she said. "But not to have gone ahead would have shown weakness."

"But weren't you frightened?" I persisted, for certainly she looked nothing like the iron-nerved Amazon her words suggested.

"Yes, rather," she answered with matter-of-fact frankness. "But there was no use in showing weakness."

In much the same stoic spirit she accepted the discomforts of the casual trains that puff laggardly across the sweltering plains and into the rocky interior of India.

"It was so terribly hot, we didn't much care," she explained. "All day long, we lay in bunks, rather than exert ourselves enough to get up except when everyone went out to little stations for meals. Those waits might be five minutes or a half-hour—it depended upon the passengers. If someone had not finished his meal when the engineer was ready to start, he just called, 'Wait a while. I'm not ready,' and the engineer waited."

Steaming hot towns in the lowlands were contrasted by freezing stops in the mountains. The worst experience she ever expects to have with frigid weather was in Mwrut. When they arrived, a celebration was going on, and every available room in town was taken. There was nothing to do but to resign themselves to sleeping in tents—and in temperature that would make a glacier jealous. Her bath was in a tent, too, and in a tub of water in training to become ice.

Those were vivid, exciting days for the little English girl. An apprehensive moment came when they set off for the Khyber Pass and she was handed a revolver with instructions to keep it in easy reach. The hills in that part of the country are the home of several tribes that have an unfriendly habit of swooping down on travelers and doing a very neat job of murder for the sake of their horses and clothes.

As they plodded up the steep trail, every-

one kept a sharp lookout. Rocks must have looked like crouching brigands. Bird calls must have sounded like ominous signals from lurking hill people, and the clatter of hoof-beats must have covered the thumping of hearts. But, to turn back would have "shown weakness," so up she went, took a look at the world from the lofty Pass, and returned just as a searching party was setting out to find her party.



Cycling may be something new to Hollywood, but it isn't to Heather Angel, who's English and therefore addicted to two-wheelers. She even rides hers at night, making pilgrimages to friends' homes

Quieted a Near-Riot

HER experience in Shanghai with a street rabble was one which many visitors have, but it was none the less disconcerting to the frail little English girl when she stepped from a hotel and found herself the center of what seemed to be an angry mob of yelling coolies. They waved arms. They made violent gestures. They clustered around her.

But one does not show weakness. She drew her small self straight, held her head high, and advanced steadily toward the nearest rickshaw. The mob fell away before her, and calmed with miraculous rapidity. What appeared to her to be no less than an incipient riot was just salesmanship on the part of the rickshaw runners!

When Heather finally saw England again, the London stage was ready to see *her*. She had been on tour. She was an experienced actress. Part followed part, and soon she was in both stage and screen productions.

She played the heroine in "The Hound of the Baskervilles" for her first part on the screen, and was efficiently strangled near the end of the picture. But she did not mind that, she says. Her thirty months on tour had steeled her to regard a mere strangling as just another minor menace in a career where weakness must not be shown. She made a film in Italy and one in Germany before Sidney R. Kent saw her in London and signed her for Hollywood. The result is that she gets fan letters from all over the world.

"I've even had a few from over here," she said. "It makes it nice to know that people already know me on this side."

"I did not know that any of your films had been released here," I said. "They did not show in Hollywood, did they?"

"I don't think so."

"New York, perhaps?" I suggested.

"No, not New York." She was positive. "It was in Rio de Janeiro."

Her manner was so completely matter-of-fact as she jumped North and South America together that I gave her a blank look. Then I gathered myself together to demonstrate that we in Hollywood know how to face surprises without showing weakness, also.

"I don't get around to South American theatres much, so I must have missed it," I told her with equal calm.

We exchanged a couple of grins.

Why She Broke Down a Wall

HER partial destruction of The Garden of Allah happened shortly after she moved into that apartment hotel. Heather has a loving weakness for pets. (It's the one weakness she displays.) One evening a little, stray kitten gave such a mournful serenade outside her window that she could not resist the appeal. One bowl of milk led to another. Before she knew it, she had a satisfied half-grown cat on her hands.

Pat, the cat, was an adventurer from the start. He climbed on the roof and had to be rescued by half of the staff. He fell into a pool and was anything but nonchalant about it. Pat had no reluctance whatever about showing weakness. When dogs put in appearances, he fled up trees and demanded in positive tones to be rescued.

Pat's worst exploit was to get himself wedged into a hollow wall. During one of his exploring trips in the mountainous regions by the north chimney, he found a tempting drain pipe which he followed until he found himself in a spot where there was no turning around and no backing out.

Pat mewed in loud indignation, while Heather prowled the grounds, trying to locate him. Three large holes were knocked in the wall with the assistance of a carpenter, two house boys, three maids, the manager, four tenants and numerous innocent bystanders before Pat was returned to safety and Heather to peace of mind.

No wonder Fox officials think that she has audience appeal! Courageous, brilliantly gifted, this lovely little English Angel is going her gentle way in Hollywood, sweetly pulling down walls and leading rôles. Calmly, she is stepping straight to the top.

I hope you enjoy the view when you get there, Heather. It's better than the Khyber Pass, anyway, for you don't need a revolver!

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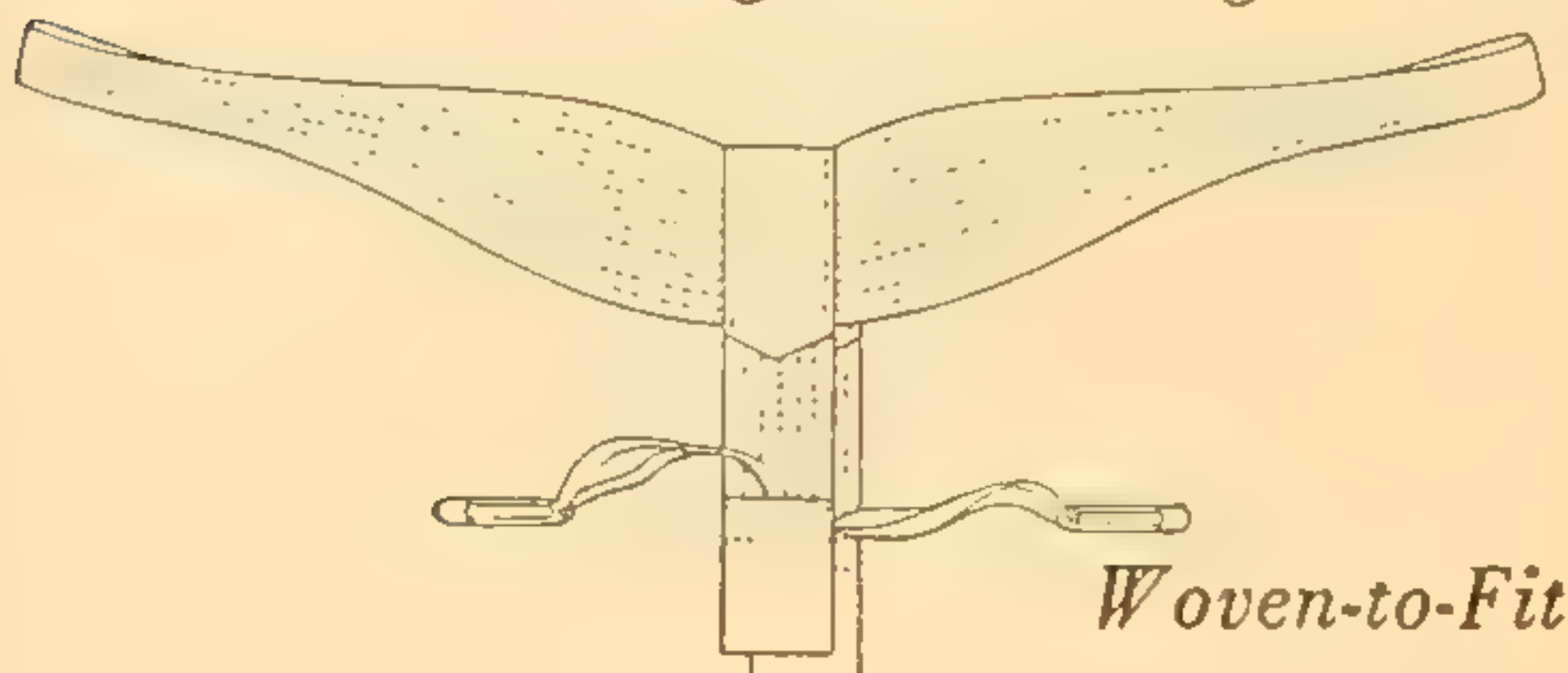
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Solved! The Mystery of Raft's "Bodyguard"

(Continued from page 44)



When Sammy Finn found George Raft in Hollywood, George was living in a shabby hotel room. Now look at the place where he (and Sammy) live!

whispered to be a real gunman who had been hired by Raft to protect him from the members of the underworld who, it was presumed, might want to take Raft for a "ride" or take away some of the "big money" he was now earning so easily. Raft never explained Sammy; he just said, "Meet Sammy Finn." Sometimes he even forgot to do that.

Where Did He Get That Pallor?

SAMMY'S face is a death-like, ashen white. When you visit Sing Sing, or any other prison where men are confined for long periods, you see hundreds of men with faces that look like Sammy's. Hollywood at once decided that his complexion was "prison pallor," and in a short time there was more menace around little Sammy Finn than there was around George Raft. (The Los Angeles police had given George a clean bill of health, and apologized for having listened to the "gangster" rumors about him.)

There is something fascinating about a known "killer" to the ordinary man of the street; that fascination gripped the people who saw Raft's "shadow" from day to day, and Sammy was put down definitely as the hired gunman who could whip out a gun as quickly as a card-shark can flip a card from his sleeve.

"There go Raft and his gunman," would be the whisper as George and Sammy entered a restaurant.

"Sure," would be the response. "See that bulge under Sammy's coat? That's his gun. Oh, he's a killer, all right. Can't you see the tenseness of the man? See how his eyes shift in search of danger. I wouldn't want to be the man who tried to harm Raft."

BUT—all these months, the wise ones of Hollywood have just been kidding themselves, so far as Sammy Finn is concerned.

Instead of being the hired killer who is supposed to shoot faster than the fastest men of gangland, Sammy Finn is one of the most timid and retiring men who ever came to Hollywood. He never fired a gun in his life; he doesn't know how to load one, and he says he would be afraid to shoot one, if it were handed to him.

Instead of being a gunman from the underworld, Sammy Finn is found to be just about the best friend George Raft ever had, or ever will have. While there will be many,

no doubt, in future years who will claim they were responsible for the success of Raft, the cold fact still will remain that Sammy Finn has done more than any other man in the world to make the gates of success open for George Raft; and George Raft appreciates what Sammy has done, and expresses his appreciation in deeds, rather than a lot of words. The story of Sammy Finn is intensely a human one—a story that should grip anyone who has a spark of romance in his blood.

Ex-Millionaire, Ex-"Playboy"

SAMMY FINN, who is believed to be a "killer" and gunman protector of Raft, has known the sensation of being in the millionaire class, of being able to bet thousands upon a horse and never bat an eyelash if the horse ran last. To-day the million is gone, but in its place he has a friendship, that of Raft, that he says is worth more than any money.

"I'm glad you asked me who I am and if I'm a gunman," said Sammy, when I went to him and put the question to him in plain and unvarnished language. "I'm just a guy who once had a million dollars, was a 'Broadway playboy' and one of the world's greatest saps. That 'prison pallor' of which I am accused is really night-club pallor."

"You see, I was in the dress-goods manufacturing business for quite a while, back in New York. The boom times came and I prospered, and finally went into the brokerage business. During the days when paper profits were counted like telephone numbers, I made a pile of money."

"But I was like a lot of other suckers. I started to play that street called Broadway. I had the money and I played it hard. I liked to see my name in the papers and got a tremendous kick out of having one of the smart-cracking columnists mention me as a 'playboy.' That was great stuff, and I would set 'em up for everybody the next night at some of the gay places. I was a big shot. Money was made to spend; I spent it."

"And then I began to grow physically tired. My doctor told me to take a trip to Europe for a rest. I went. At Monte Carlo I dropped thirty thousand dollars in one evening. What did I care? I had plenty. I slapped thousands on the horses and 'saw' Europe."

How He Landed in Hollywood

"FINALLY, I grew so tired I had to head back to New York for the rest I was supposed to get in Europe. My doctor examined me on my return. He looked a bit sad, shook his head and gave me not more than nine months to live. He said nothing could save me. I was done. It was just a matter of time. My lungs had been hit too hard.

"Well, *that* was something! I thought it over and then packed my bags and went to Arizona. There I went out on the desert and breathed in the glorious desert air—breathed it in and prayed for health. And then came the stock market crash. I could save nothing. I was battling for my very life in Arizona; my business just flopped away and so did my money. I didn't care much. All I wanted was to get well.

"At last came improvement, gradual at first, then more rapidly; and after months of lonely struggle my doctor in Phoenix told me I would be able to go back to New York. I had been away from the excitement of a big town so long that I was starving for it, so simply because Los Angeles was closer than New York, I came here. By coming here I would reach 'life' quicker. For no other reason did I pick this spot.

"When I arrived, I counted my cash and figured what reserves I had left from the crash. It wasn't much. I took a suite at a hotel and started to look around. One of the first people I saw was George Raft. I had met George in New York when he was a dancer and I was a spendthrift. A warm friendship had sprung up between us.

"I almost fell over when I found him here, living in a little, shabby hotel in one of the cheapest rooms, dressed in clothes that were more than a bit seedy—and looking for a chance to crash pictures.

The Chance He Gave George

"MY God, George,' I said, 'you can never get anywhere like that. You have to dress the part and you have to live in a place where you can invite people and not be ashamed of your surroundings. I haven't much left, but while it lasts you're coming with me.'

"I counted my money again and then rented a nice apartment and George and I moved in. George went out and bought some decent clothes and, believe it or not, in just three weeks from the day he bought his new clothes and moved into the new apartment, he got his first break in pictures. You know the rest about George. He caught on in a big way almost overnight. He was a new type. My heart sang with happiness when I saw him starting to go forward—saw success finally coming his way.

"And then George showed what kind of fellow he is. His success did not go to his head. He did not forget the friends who had stood by him. He was born in the Tenderloin district, played with guns instead of rattles, and cut his teeth on bullets instead of teething rings—but George has something in his character that is REAL MAN.

"My money had dwindled to practically nothing when George began to get into the big money. I knew I couldn't keep my end up with George. So, as I had done my part and was finished as far as usefulness to George was concerned, I told him I guessed I would move to cheaper quarters.

"Like Hell, you will!" said George. 'You'll stay right with me. I know your dough is gone, Sammy, but you spent the last of it on me, and I'm not the kind of guy who forgets anything like that. I seem to be getting along as an actor, but I don't know a thing about business. I need a confidential business manager. You're going to be IT, starting right now!'

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"There is something about the clean friendship of men that is inspiring, uplifting. I find it in my friendship and association with George Raft. He has had a bumpy past; he has had his tough times and his good times; he had a childhood that was not the kind that makes a sissy out of a man. But through it all, George Raft has come with a heart of gold and with a mind that is not turned by the sloppy words of praise that an admiring crowd always hands out to the latest favorite. He knows what life is all about. He has lived. What his past has been is his own business. If he wants to tell of it, that is for him to decide. He has been my friend. I am his. That is sufficient."

"But to think that they have me classed as a 'gunman'!" Sammy laughed. So did I, for Sammy is only a little, a very little, over five feet in height; is thin as a rail; has slim, little hands, tiny feet and doesn't weigh an ounce over one hundred and twenty pounds. You might take him for a racing jockey. He looks as though a breath of air would blow him over. Sammy, the hired "killer"!

"I never fired a gun in my life," he added. "I wouldn't know how to load one, and would be afraid to shoot one if it were handed to me. That's the kind of gunman I am."

Evidently, the members of gangland have known all along that Sammy was not a killer, for when gangsters broke into Raft's home one night a short time ago and stole a thousand dollars worth of clothes and valuables, the clothes and valuables of Sammy Finn were the ones that were stolen.

"They never touched a thing belonging to George," laughed Sammy. "He had seventeen new suits in his closet. But they didn't even look at them. I think it was because he had a big crayon portrait of himself hanging in the hallway at the entrance to his bedroom. Guess they saw that and figured he was a tough guy to monkey with, so they just picked on the guy whom only Hollywood classes as a gunman."



The only place you don't see Sammy Finn with George Raft is on the screen. Damon and Pythias weren't any closer pals!

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 59)

WE hear (one always hears things in Hollywood) that no young gentleman in Hollywood will be more delighted than Lew Ayres when Janet Gaynor decides to "step out" in public again. Since her divorce was filed Janet has been very cagey about accepting dinner and dance engagements. She says she wants to wait long enough so that there won't be any silly rumors about another man coming between her and Lydell. No doubt she is acting wisely—but if this "hearing" business is right, both Lew and Gene Raymond will be very glad when the divorce quarantine is over!

JUST In Passing About Hollywood: Joan Bennett and Alice Joyce Brown and Lilyan Tashman were all drinking beer at the Brown Derby the other noontime in spite of what they say about beer-weight. . . . Jeanette Loff wore organdie gauntlets (gloves to you) to Sue Carol's baby shower for Mrs. Bing Crosby. . . . If the Crosby baby is a girl it will probably be named Sue Carol Crosby. . . . Estelle Taylor has the telephone bug . . . she calls her friends at all hours of the day and night. . . . Joan Crawford is one Hollywood star who always agrees with the critics . . . she thought "Today We Live" was a good picture until she read the reviews . . . most of them convinced her she was wrong. . . . Mae West has the prettiest mouth and teeth in Hollywood. . . . Eleanor Holm draws second honors for these same features. . . . The Richard Arlens threw a "nursery preview" party and everybody oh-ed and ah-ed about the expected baby's pretty room. . . . Lola Lane, Mary Brian, Jeanette Loff, Dixie Lee Crosby and Jean Harlow among the feminine guests. . . . Sally Eilers left Los Angeles for Europe with more flowers than her compartment would hold—all from Hoot Gibson (or almost all). . . . Eddie Hillman (Marian Nixon's Ex) seems to remember Mona Maris's telephone number better than any other. . . . Actors are funny people—Robert Montgomery doesn't like "Hell Below," his best starring picture to date. . . . Clark Gable went to see Otto Kruger in "Counselor-At-Law" three times, he was that crazy about the show and the star. . . . Lee Tracy was a nightly visitor, also, but for a different reason—his girl, Isabel Jewel, plays an important rôle. . . . The Warner Brothers stars are sick at heart because Darryl Zanuck resigned as production chief. . . . A local columnist is bragging because he hasn't said anything about Marlene Dietrich's trousers in over a month—which is the best cause for bragging we know. . . . Wally Beery saying goodbye to all his pals at the M-G-M studio . . . everybody plenty sad to see Wally leave the professional family! Latest news is that Wally has resigned with M-G-M, and everybody's happy.

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE and Jack Oakie have cooled off to a walk . . . and Peggy is spending most of her night-clubbing time in the company of Roland Brown. Jack, on the other hand, is seeing plenty of his old flame, Mary Brian. But he insists all is not over with La Belle Joyce. "Just a little time," says Jack, "Just a little time."

JUST another little story about the irrepressible Bennetts! Joan had planned a dinner party in honor of her sister, Barbara (Mrs. Morton Downey) who was visiting her from the East. Dinner at eight was the hour (not an

(Continued on page 72)



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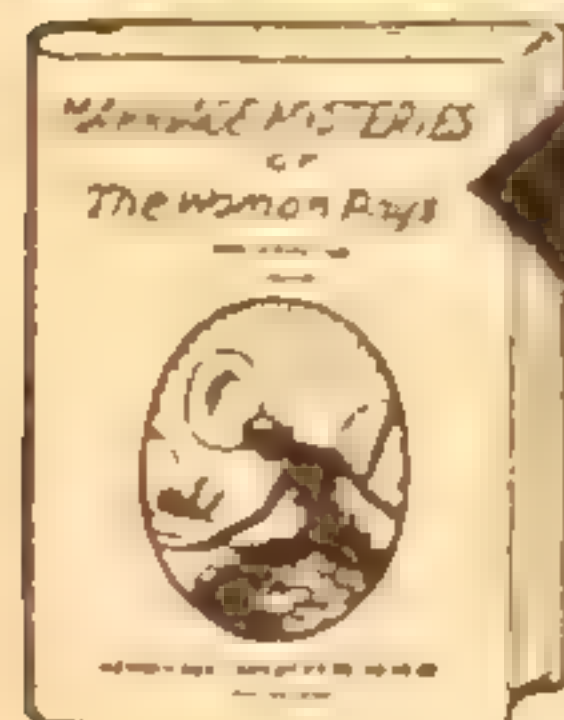


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"Talk Fast and You'll Get the Breaks," says Lee Tracy—Who Knows!

(Continued from page 22)

I went out to try my luck again, I talked so fast and used so many names and dates that it never occurred to any agent to doubt my story. Within a week, I landed a job."

Carried Out Bluff Three Years

"WHAT did you do when your first stage director discovered that you had never been behind the footlights before?" I asked.

"He never found out," Tracy said cheerfully. "I lied like h_____ whenever I found myself in a tough spot. Between spots I kept my mouth shut. It took me about three years to collect enough actual experience to drop the pose."

Tracy contends that the most important step in selling the other fellow is to sell yourself first.

"Give yourself an old-fashioned pep talk," he urges. "If you want to be a radio announcer, convince yourself that you'll be a good one. Then keep your wits about you, be ready to turn the subject whenever the argument is going against you, keep on talking, and the other man hasn't got a chance. I've talked myself into every job I've had. I believe in talk—it's a religion with me."

"I talked myself out of a bad spot when it looked as if my first picture contract was going to end in a stalemate. That was when I was with Fox several years ago. I was drawing salary, but I couldn't get a part. I knew that if I went to the studio and whined about it, I'd only ruin my chances. So I sat down and carefully listed all the reasons why I should be given a rôle. I wrote my speech and rehearsed it in front of a mirror until I knew it was a masterpiece. I actually believed it, myself. Then I called on the 'big boss' and sold him."

"Listen," I said, 'there are exactly eight perfectly sound reasons why you should put me to work immediately—and there is not one reason why you shouldn't.' I presented my reasons and went to work the following week."

One of His Favorite Stunts

LEE is a confirmed student of psychology. He frankly admits that he finds a deep-rooted pleasure in making sensational, challenging statements. He does so for the one purpose of startling other people out of their "thought-ruts" and then observing their reactions. He professes profound respect for the columnists who inject into their writings, here and there, deliberate misstatements of fact.

"They use those statements to stimulate their readers and command their attention," he points out. "They jolt people out of their complacency, make them think. Once they have gained the attention they demand, they proceed to sell their real subject matter. Now, that's super-salesmanship. That's the way all the highly successful columnists work. That's the way my sensational columnist in 'Blessed Event' made his success."

I've heard a great many actors profess to be students of humanity. Perhaps they are, but in my humble opinion, Tracy is the one actor in Hollywood who thoroughly justifies his claim. He has a prying, ever-inquisitive mind, a pair of uncannily observing eyes, a retentive memory and—most important of all—an absolute genius for adapting his talk, even the style and phrasing of his speech, to the type of person he is contacting. He goes out of his way to rub elbows with all classes and degrees of people. He experiments with them as a scientific surg-

eon experiments with guinea pigs. In his own experience, furthermore, he has dealt with many social castes. He has been laborer, railroader, cowboy, soldier and vaudeville "hooper."

He Studies Vocal "Smoothies"

"I SPEND a good deal of my time in courtrooms, listening to lawyers address their juries," he told me. "They never deliberately misrepresent the evidence, but they do artfully lead the jurymen by the nose. They suggest arguments, and make the jury feel that they, themselves, originated that line of thought. Ask any trial lawyer—he'll agree with me that a man who talks convincingly is sitting on top of the world."

"I like to study the technique of the carnival and side-show barkers. They can sell you the hole in a doughnut and make you think you've gained a bargain. I've spent hours watching one elderly man who ballyhoos for a concession of the Santa Monica pier. He dresses very quietly. He never shouts; he never uses any superlatives in describing his attraction. He just talks in a low, natural tone of voice" (here Tracy's voice, in imitation, becomes very soothing) "and assures you that you will find your money's worth inside. His moderation, in the midst of all the other high-pressure selling, is positively startling. He conveys the impression that he is sharing a confidence. Before they know it, the la-a-d-ee-z and gents are buying tickets."

"Do you mean it," I inquired hopefully, "when you say I can talk a certain girl into saying . . ."

"Certainly you can," Lee interrupted with an enthusiastic flourish of his hand. "You can talk her into saying anything you want. Haven't you learned that women judge men by what they say and not by what they do? Look at all the homely mutts who win raving beauties! It's a cinch they talked those girls into saying 'yes!'"

Calls It "a Game of Wits"

"THE world passes judgment on a man in just about the same way. You don't need to be a profound student of any subject to talk on it intelligently. Fix a few pertinent facts in your mind, use them to show your authority, and then stand ready to lead the conversation to one side or the other whenever it becomes embarrassing. It's a great game of wits. Try it."

"There are hundreds of youngsters in the United States right now who want to become actors. They're hanging back because they haven't had experience. That is no reason for discouragement. If ever they're going to act, they must make a start. All they need is the ability to talk faster than the other fellow. They should be careful of just one thing. When the other fellow's sales-resistance shows signs of weakening, that's time to put on the brakes. From that point on, he'll sell himself."

He has an innumerable host of friends in Hollywood. I've asked any number of them the reason for their almost fanatical admiration for Lee—and one and all, they've answered, "He's the most fascinating person to talk to . . ."

"Talk and the world is yours," he says—and there must be something in that statement. If, as he says, he actually talked himself out of doing K.P. duty when he was in the Army, I know that Lee Tracy has developed a magic formula!

Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 15)

the principles of arithmetic, but he has good horse sense. And plenty of it.

His teacher (and does that boy hate school!) was patiently trying to interest him in adding and subtracting.

"If you had five cents, and spent five cents, what would you have left?" asked the teacher.

"A stick of candy," replied the lad, just like that. Even Jimmy Durante couldn't top that retort.

PARAMOUNT sort of expected to have several feminine stars killed in the rush to appropriate Marlene Dietrich's dressing-room, now that the fair *fräulein* is packing her trousers and suspenders, collars and ties and returning to Germany. The Dietrich dressing-room is just downright elegant. Mr. Josef von Sternberg saw to that personally. He designed it. But now the studio is wondering who in the Sam Hill they can get to take it off their hands. Mae West says nix for her, and (like all seasoned troupers who know a superstition when they see one) adds that it's bad luck to move into another star's dressing-room without changing the works. Carole Lombard has just spent a young fortune having her suite all prettied up, and Sylvia Sidney doesn't want it because it has only two rooms. Sylvia has THREE rooms. A Paramount employee told us, hopefully, that maybe Miriam Hopkins would take it. Apparently Miriam doesn't care much where she puts on her greasepaint.

Marlene sort of surprised everyone around the studio by purchasing twelve hundred dollars' worth of portrait stills from "The Song of Songs." She's taking them back to Germany. And twelve hundred berries buy an awful lot of stills, if you ask me. Almost enough to give one to every Hitlerite in Berlin. It'll be just too bad if Hitler burns them. We wouldn't swear to this, either, but all the rumors have it that Marlene will return to Paramount after a vacation abroad. THAT should settle the dressing-room controversy.

THRILLS crowd upon thrills for Master Jackie Cooper. He had a new step-papa one week and was invited along on a nice honeymoon trip. The very next week he was introduced to Colonel Lindbergh, a meeting arranged by a mutual friend. It turned out to be the big moment in Jackie's life. "Lindy" did a lot of explaining about aeronautics, and Jackie told "The Eagle" about pictures. Now Jackie wants a plane of his own, which mama says he is NOT going to get.

The next time you see the boy on the screen take notice how he is growing—in both directions. He still doesn't like deserts, and he still likes spinach. Somehow we can't forgive him that fondness for spinach. Just think of all the rebellious young Americans who must face plates of the "burned stuff, with their doting mommers saying—"eat it, dear, Jackie Cooper just LOVES it."

DICK ARLEN, speaking right out in meeting, says he is the fellow that started the bicycle fad in Hollywood. If he did he started something! It has come to the state where you've got to have a bicycle or stay home and work jig-saw puzzles. Dick says it all began when he borrowed his gardener's bicycle to ride over to Charlie Farrell's house. Charlie liked the idea, so he borrowed HIS gardener's bicycle to return Dick's call. Pretty soon there wasn't a

gardener anywhere around that could find his "bike" when he wanted it. The fad spread to Beverly Hills, and, of course, received social approval when taken up by Mary Pickford, Joan Crawford and Janet Gaynor.

There's a half-mile course on the grounds of the Ambassador Hotel, and two former screen juveniles, Lincoln Stedman and Cleve Moore (he's Colleen's brother), are growing rich renting wheels by the hour. You're liable to see anyone there from Peggy Hopkins Joyce to Peter, the Hermit. Even the stately Kathlyn Williams (you remember "The Adventures of Kathlyn Williams") dropped in for a spin around the track. We're waiting to see if Marie Dressler goes "Gay Ninety" before we take it up ourselves.

PROBABLY Hollywood is as surprised as anybody else, but there is an honest-to-gosh beer garden right on Sunset Boulevard. It's just around the corner from CLASSIC's Western office—which makes it nice. It's practically the first place in the history of the town where even four per cent alky can be imbibed without expecting a visit from the cops. Hollywood has had its speak-easies, of course, but even in the old pre-prohib days the village was legally as dry as a Congressman's speech. Movie people are flocking to the place. And is it picturesque! Trees and flowers, and an orchestra that plays "Vienna Wood" and "The Merry Widow Waltz." Wiener schnitzel and apple strudel are on the menu. Likewise, frankfurters mit sauerkraut.

Gosh, it's so realistic you expect to see Diamond Lil come in at any moment.

OF course, it was bound to happen sooner or later, what with all the stars being loaned around from studio to studio like so many eggs. Now Mickey Mouse has been loaned to M-G-M for a picture. This is the first time that Mickey has ever left his home studio, and now, for the first time, Garbo is going to have some heavy competition. You practically never see Mickey at Hollywood parties, either. Not while you're sober, anyway. Oh, yes, the little fellow will appear in support of Jimmy Durante and Jack Pearl (Baron Munchausen) in something M-G-M calls temporarily, "Experiences of the Biggest Liar."

PARAMOUNT is sort of toying with the idea of starring Jack La Rue in a revival of "Blood and Sand." They're only toying with the idea, understand, for, more than any other picture, "Blood and Sand" seems to belong, most inviolably, to the great Rudy. It was his great romantic success. More than one actor has hesitated about poaching on his dramatic preserves. But Jack La Rue has proved that he is a young man not afraid of jinxes. So perhaps it will come to pass. All of Valentino's costumes are hanging in the wardrobe department, untouched from the time he last wore them.

Come to think of it, it would seem strange to see that picture without Nita Naldi, too.

THE sudden passing of Ernest Torrence, at 55, has plunged the movie colony into gloom. He was one of the greatest of character actors and one of the most likable of men, gifted with both sensitiveness and a hearty sense of humor. It chilled Hollywood to witness his "death scene" in "I Cover the Waterfront."

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Does director Raoul Walsh know his settings? Just look around the "tap room" in his home, where his lucky guests can tap his beer (or ale) like gentlemen and ladies. It's as cozy as a Dickens tavern

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 69)

M-G-M adv.). At six o'clock Barbara went down to the train to see hubby, Morton Downey, off on a personal appearance trip to San Francisco.

At ten minutes of eight when her sister had not returned home to get dressed, Joan became alarmed. Eight o'clock and still no Barbara. At nine a telegram arrived:

Decided to go with Morton to San Francisco. Love, Barbara.

And she didn't even have a toothbrush along!

CAROLE LOMBARD and Paramount are on the verge of another contract squabble, the third this year. Carole doesn't want to play a rôle assigned her in "Gambling Ship." The odds are she won't. Mrs. William Powell usually comes out the victor in her tiffs with the studio.

GARY COOPER is moving into a new house in Beverly Hills. The present little bachelor establishment is no way near large enough for the parties Gary has been tossing!

GLORIA SWANSON (with Michael Farmer, of course) returned to "Home, Sweet Home" in Hollywood, only to run into a raft of lawsuits that have been awaiting her. In spite of served-papers and what-not, Gloria and Mike seem to be having a lot of fun.

They are to be glimpsed almost every afternoon riding around the streets of Beverly Hills in their funny little toy automobile which was originally purchased for Gloria's three children in Europe. Gloria and Mike seem to be wearing all the "new" off the little car and if they aren't careful the kids will be disappointed with their "old, worn out" toy!

FROM Budapest comes the news dispatch that a twenty-four-year-old-sales-

girl killed herself before a waxen image of Rudolph Valentino.

Mrs. Endre Rimocsy (the woman's name) had just recently been divorced because her husband had violently objected to her covering the walls of their home with photographs of the late idol.

Brooding desperately about her "lost love," she visited a Wax Museum which contained an image of Rudy. Uncorking a vial of poison, she drank a fatal dose and cried:

"Valentino, I am dying for you!"

DAVID MANNERS is celebrating. He has received word that his application to file citizenship papers has been approved, and now all that lies between him and the right to vote is two years of "citizenship preparation and study," with the night classes of aliens. "And I specialized in American history and civics in a private school in New York State for years," mourns David, who was born in Canada.

MARY PICKFORD'S tentative plan of having several leading men under contract to her, whom she will loan out to studios, may soon materialize. She had so much difficulty in finding a leading man for "Secrets" that she would like to keep several on hand. Among those mentioned for possible Pickford contracts are several of her former leading men and friends, including Johnny Mack Brown, Charles Farrell and Buddy Rogers. It's harder than you might think for an independent star to borrow a screen lover from a studio. Mary, it is said, tried to borrow Gary Cooper, Cary Grant, Richard Dix and several others.

NO doubt about it, Joan Crawford looks tired. The other day she popped into the Metro restaurant, made straight for a corner table, and buried her face in her hands. Soothers followed her, among them

Ricardo Cortez, and soon she was smiling normally. But the old wear and tear are there.

THE rumors that Jimmy Walker, ex-Mayor of New York, will eventually turn up in Hollywood in an executive position still continue. (Half the people in the movie colony are his personal friends.) And Jimmy continues to crack wise. When a timid girl-reporter asked him recently for the name of the lady whom he was rumored about to marry, Jimmy looked her over coldly. "How long have you been around?" he barked, finally.

GEORGE BRENT says that since he began to get a little notice in pictures, he has heard the most amazing tales about himself—including stories that he has had no less than three wives and *nine* children! George has taken up polo—following the custom of Ruth Chatterton's first husband, Ralph Forbes, who is coaching him.

WE hear that Universal is planning to tear up the contract of Boris Karloff and give him a substantial increase in salary. Not so long ago we told you that Boris and his "horror pictures" were the



International

Like Heather Angel, Lilian Harvey is English and knows how to take the corners on two wheels. The sensational Lilian would rather exercise than diet any day—or every day, for that matter. It keeps her in trim for dancing!

biggest money-makers in the field to-day—and that does not exclude any other star. "Frankenstein" was 'way up in the money as one of the few box-office hits of last year. "The Mummy" is almost equalling its record. So Universal,—very, very, grateful for these nice profitable ventures—has decided "to ante" their money-getter considerably. Think what Karloff would be drawing if he were paid by the shudder!

DICK ARLEN is rapidly developing into the best-looking young man in Hollywood. The trick was turned when Dick suddenly began to get gray at the temples—and *is it becoming?* Many lady columnists who had always dismissed Dick as merely a nice kid are beginning to refer to him as the most distinguished-looking man in the movies! Lots of sex appeal, 'n everything!

NO one is able to figure out whether Gloria Stuart's temperamental antics are really on the level, or whether they are just another bid to be "different" and colorful, as prompted by an ambitious publicity department at Universal.

Just between you and me and a raspberry shortcake, we are growing just a little tired of these "so unique" methods of behaving in public which, are supposed to pass for individuality and eccentric charm.

That goes for Marlene Dietrich's tuxedo—and Katharine Hepburn's little habit of sitting down in the roadway at RKO to read her fan mail—and Gloria Stuart's equally "cute" habit of excusing herself at dinner parties and going upstairs to take a little nap.

NO matter what anybody else says, Constance Bennett sticks to her guns and believes in giving everybody a fair chance. A great many critics did not like Joel McCrea in "Rockabye" and even hinted to Connie that he was the weak link in that production. Connie made lots of nice excuses for Joel and said it wasn't his type of part, anyway. Just by way of proving her confidence, he will appear opposite her again in the near future.

PARAMOUNT is so pleased with Bing Crosby's two pictures he has made for them that they are seriously thinking of putting Bing into a straight romantic leading rôle with no singing. The story department is searching around for something "romantic and light" in the line of a love story comedy.

But something tells us that the fans will howl considerably if Bing doesn't have one more *chance* to warble a torch song.

THE Ramon Novarro-Myrna Loy romance still progresses. Myrna has rented Ramon's house (which he designed, himself, by the way) while he is on his concert tour in Europe. Can a romance endure when the Adored is likewise one's tenant? And even if the romance rumors were originally started by a shrewd publicity man, because they happened to play together in "The Barbarian," it's the first time in about two years that Ramon's name has been linked with a girl's.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has solved the problem of how to remain silent on the screen. After thinking it over for more than a year, he has finally decided that in his next picture (he's now working on the story) he will play a deaf mute.

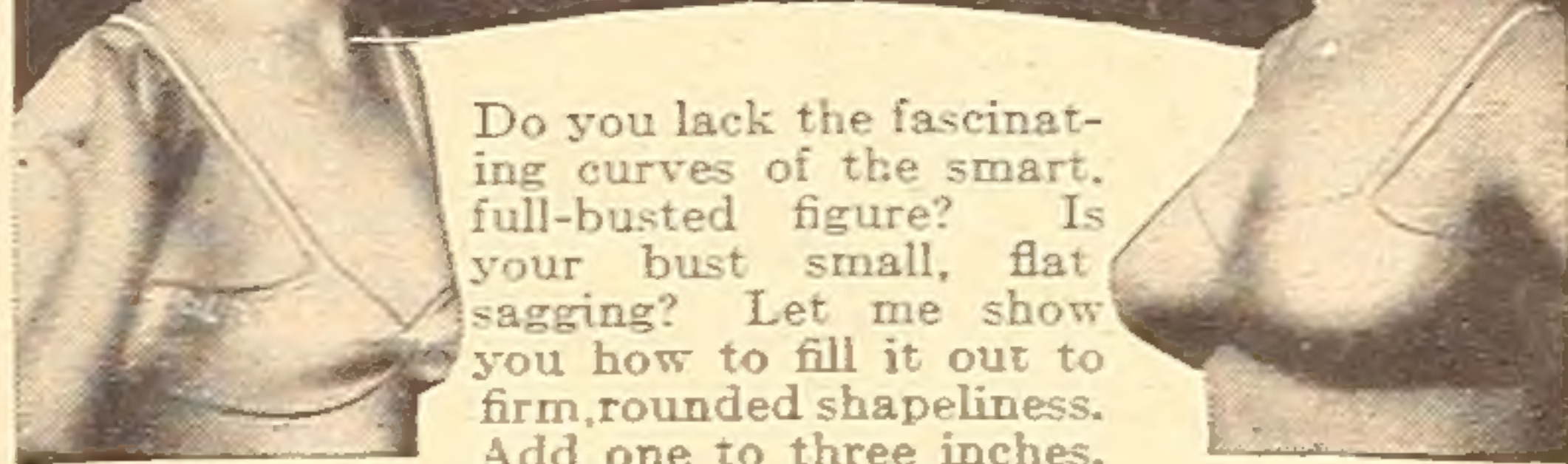
DAVID MANNERS has fallen under the Garbo influence. It is now necessary for even his friends to call his agent and ask permission to talk with him before they can reach him on the telephone. David may be getting rid of plenty of nuisances, but his method is also annoying plenty of friends.

JEANETTE MACDONALD returns this August from a European concert tour to become a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract player and to play (no doubt) in "The Cat and the Fiddle." The company, although professing itself uninterested in Jeanette while she was in Hollywood, pursued her to Europe to sign her to a long-term contract. Absence, indeed, makes the heart grow fonder.

STAN LAUREL and his wife have been re-united after seven months of separation. Apparently, Lois Laurel learned to laugh at Stan's jokes. They are now on an automobile trip in Canada.

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EDWINA BOOTH, who has been ill so long with the fever she contracted in Africa while making "Trader Horn," is reported improving. However, it will be many months before she will be strong enough to resume her career.

SMILING and happy, Daisy DeVoe, Clara Bow's former secretary, walked out of jail after serving her eighteen-month sentence for embezzlement. Asked what she was going to do, Daisy replied: "Buy the first pair of slacks I see and go roller-skating." She plans to live in Hollywood. "Why not?" she asks.

POLLY MORAN is now the legal mother of the sixteen-year-old boy, Jack Trujillo, whom she has had since babyhood. It was Polly's own idea that she would take no steps toward adopting him until he had reached an age of discretion, and could answer for himself the question of whether or not he wanted her for a mother. Needless to say, after sixteen years of Polly's love and kindness, the boy made his choice, gladly, in her favor.

IT begins to look as if Conrad Nagel is just a bit weary of Hollywood and craves a change. First, he resigned as president of the Academy; then he resigned from the board of directors; then his contract with M-G-M lapsed (by mutual consent, it is reported). And now he is vacationing far, far away. To be exact, on the Broadway stage.

IF you're going to the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago this summer, look around for the Hollywood exhibit. Yes, there is one—and it's intended to give you an idea of what a studio is like and how movies are made, besides showing you the movies' half-century (almost) of progress. The last we knew, Claire Windsor was to be on hand, to give all comers a close-up of Hollywood beauty in person. No one better could have been selected, with the possible exception of Mary Pickford, for Claire is just as beautiful to-day as she ever was—even if she does have a fourteen-year-old son, of whom she is very proud.

WHEN Marlene Dietrich arrived in New York, en route to Europe, she arrived "secretly." The Paramount publicity department knew she was in town, but didn't know where—so they didn't say anything about it. She had about five days of comparative privacy in the Big Town, free from interviewers. But unlike Garbo, whose "mystery act" she has been accused of appropriating, she didn't go in for disguises. On her last Saturday there, for instance, she was spotted in Sardi's Restaurant—just around the corner from MOVIE CLASSIC's office—in her w. k. trousers (brown), a brown shirt (but not the Nazi brown), a man's four-in-hand tie, and a beret. Her make-up was paler than a white tablecloth, and her hair was slicked down. All in all, except for those lovely features, she didn't look much like the Dietrich you'll see in "The Song of Songs." (P. S. Her trousers needed pressing.)

THE fact that Marlene and Paramount got together on a new contract, after all those "squabbles," more or less dumfounded Hollywood—which now wonders if it was taken in again by some shrewd publicity stunts. Particularly, with Josef von Sternberg, her director-discoverer, also signing up. After "Blonde Venus," somehow, you got the impression that if Von and Para-

mount never saw each other again, it would be too soon.

"JEALOUSY" on the part of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was what led Joan Crawford to seek a divorce, she testified in court. Not jealousy of her success, but the plain, everyday, garden variety of jealousy. She gave the impression that he resented time she spent with friends and registered objections to them. Finally, she testified, it all became "unbearable," and she fell ill from nervous strain and had to seek medical advice. She was given a decree, which Doug did not contest. Their property settlement was kept secret, but her lawyer said that "what's Joan's is Joan's, and what's Doug's is Doug's." Since the divorce was obtained in California, neither can marry again within a year. It looks as if the rumor artists are going to have twelve happy months, thinking up romance rumors about them.

ERNEST TORRENCE sailed from California for England on the same boat with George Bernard Shaw. In New York, he was taken off the boat, seriously ill and rushed to a hospital. An operation for gallstones followed; complications set in a few weeks later; and another great actor answered the final curtain.

He was fifty-five, and for thirty-five of those years he was in theatricals. He started as a concert pianist, after studying in Edinburgh (where he was born), Stuttgart and London, but his fine baritone voice soon changed him into an opera singer with the Savoy Opera Company. Then came musical comedy rôles, and finally New York. Hollywood scouts spotted him, and to Hollywood he went—to become one of the most famous "heavies" of silent films, until Jesse L. Lasky listened to his ambition to be a character actor and gave him chances to satisfy it, in everything from melodramas to comedies.

His mobile face, his gangling height (six feet four), and his honest brusqueness endeared him to moviegoers, few of whom knew that in private life he was a connoisseur of Scotch jokes and a composer of Irish songs. They will probably remember him best as the towering half-wit with whom Barthelmess fought in the silent "Tol'able David," as the scout, Bill Jackson, in "The Covered Wagon," and as the crusty smuggler in "I Cover the Waterfront," his last picture. He is buried in Hollywood, which he loved and which loved him.

AL JOLSON and Ruby Keeler have returned from Honolulu with the complexions of native Kanakas. The world tour that Al was talking about a while back has apparently been postponed. Ruby has things to do for Warner Brothers, the newest of which is "Footlight Madness." It sounds as if Ruby is going to be still another chorus girl. Let's hope the little girl (who is a great big hit) isn't going to be typed!

SPEAKING of people who can dance, are you acquainted with young Hal Le Roy? Lanky and loose-jointed, he has been stopping every performance of "Strike Me Pink" (the Broadway show starring Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez) with his stepping. And this lad—the only white man who ever had Harlem chanting, "He's got hot feet!"—is headed for Hollywood, to make a short or two. (He has already made a few in the East.) Here's a tip to the movie magnates: the late Florenz Ziegfeld, who discovered and starred him, had plans for producing a musical version of "Seventeen," with Le Roy and young Mitzi Mayfair (who is Ruby Keeler's rival any day in the week) as the lovers. Why doesn't some producer take up where "Ziggy" left off?

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